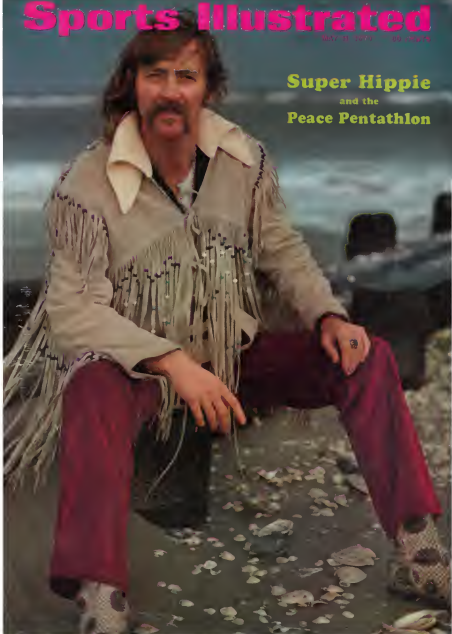


# Sports Illustrated

MAY 11, 1970 \$5.00

## Super Hippie and the Peace Pentathlon



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Cover photograph by Stephen Green Associates

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## Next week

THE PRO PLAYOFFS come down to their last gasps. SI reports the final thrust of the Knicks and Lakers for basketball's crown and the Boston-St. Louis hockey struggle.

A REVEALING DIARY of his first year describes golf money-winner Frank Beard's pleasures and perils while on the pro tour, a place where you follow the sun and the hawk.

FROM THE OUTFIELD in Yankee Stadium to a successful harness-horse farm in Maryland was not such a big step for Charlie Keller. Charlie was always a country boy at heart.

# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

## Sports Illustrated

London, Italy 11, 1968 1967

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Alerting: ...

Incident Response: ...

Post-Mortem: ...

Lessons Learned: ...

At the moment—to the best of our knowledge, anyway—we do not have a Leo Tolstoy on the staff of this magazine. No magazine of our acquaintance does. But the range of writing talent and reportorial skill represented in the masthead on the right of this page may be wider than that of any single novelist, and the variety of human endeavor, frustration, satisfaction and plain perversity to which that talent is directed in any one week may be as broad, if not as subtle, as that of any novel ever written.

I am prompted to these reflections right now by the fact that two major stories in this week's issue are focused on the two poles of the human condition that Tolstoy chose as the title of his greatest work. Peace is the gentle obsession of David Smith, the long-haired Super Hippie pictured on our cover whose idea for a pacifist pentathlon is explored by Robert Jones beginning on page 50. War, on the other hand, is part of the livelihood of Sam Cummings, the gun-merchant hero, or antihero, of Edwin Shrake's story *The Merchant of Menace* beginning on page 30.

A peace freak and a warmonger? What in creation are two such disparate characters doing in the pages of a sports magazine? Well, each is a human being fascinating in his complexities and contradictions, and each has a legitimate place in the wide spectrum of sport.

During the week or so that he spent with Cummings, Shrake was continually astounded by this unassuming merchant who looks on war as man's ultimate lunacy and who takes an almost lunatic delight in the part he plays. Whether men use his guns to shoot at targets, at game or at each other seems not to matter at all to Cummings, since he firmly believes we are all bound to blow ourselves to perdition sooner or later and we might as well make a good sport of it till we do. A fighting philosophy perhaps, yet "at a time when the politicians are all tell-

ing you one thing while the facts are telling you another" Shrake says he could not help but find Cummings' clear view of man's folly somehow "eminently sane."

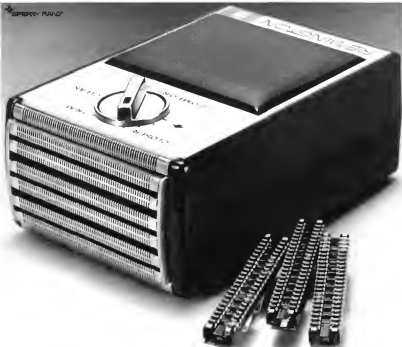
Bob Jones became aware of Super Hippie Smith in the course of a continuing preoccupation with the young that began when he wrote a definitive cover story on the New generation for *Time* magazine in 1967. Last summer, on a visit to some of the long hairs' communes in the New Mexico mountains, Jones was struck by an unexpected hippie interest in sports—everything from rock-climbing ("a good way to get high without dope") to "nondirectional horse racing." "The kids," explains Jones, "would just leap on a horse's back and let it carry them wherever it felt like going."

From that start it was hardly surprising that Jones sooner or later run across a hippie who believed that peace could be achieved by getting people to wear themselves out in the pursuit of noncompetitive sport. He was not prepared for the fact that this particular philosopher, who is as opposed to firearms as Sam Cummings is dependent on them, was an expert shot at 14 and twice won Northern California skeet shooting championships.

We believe that phenomena on the sporting scene such as David Smith and Sam Cummings are as illuminating in their peculiar way as the track records of the 17 entries in the Kentucky Derby (page 22) or the personalities involved in the NBA playoffs (page 30). Smith and Cummings—with the help of writers Shrake and Jones—help to remind us that in the world we cover each week can be found reflections of most of mankind's conflicts.

*Dick Munro*

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Left, *Stone Age* as it used by experimenter to show its own patterns. Right, Cavell's man is correctly depicted as being tall and robust.



Skull of prehistoric cave artists is revealed by precise outlining of muscles and subtle shading.



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You'll be surprised to see how deeply influenced we still are by our ancestors... how the traits they needed to survive persist in us today. You'll understand what scientists mean when they say that our technology has outrun our biology, leaving us a million years out of step with our own inventions. *Early Man* will show you how cholesterol and coronary problems may well result from the "wild animal" response of our bodies to stress. The book explains too what is being done in various fields of medicine and sociology to help us deal with these ancient carryovers.

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

## DAWN OF THE AGE

One of the first hard steps toward cleaning up water pollution has been taken by the state of Maine. Gov. Kenneth M. Curtis announced a two-year, \$60 million program that would, he declared, "take care of more than one-third of the municipal water pollution in Maine." Expenditures on water pollution had been averaging \$5 million annually. Federal funds would comprise 55% of the \$60 million, with the state and local communities providing the rest, but because enough federal funds are not yet available, Maine is "prefunding" 30% of the federal share. The prefunding is possible because of a \$50 million water-pollution bond issue approved by the voters last fall. Almost half the money will be spent on the construction of water pollution abatement plants. A state official said that industry had been responsible for most of the water pollution, but that the major offenders were complying with a plan to halt all waste discharges into rivers by 1976.

As Maine goes, so goes the nation, we hope.

## ANDROS PLAN

The legalizing of off-track betting in New York State, which other states may choose to emulate, has revived interest in the Andros Plan, a suggestion by a Californian named George Andros that has state skip off-track betting and instead legalize on-track betting when the horses are not running. That is, even though the horses have gone on to another track, the horseplayers would turn out as usual, watch piped-in tote-board figures and see closed-circuit telecasts from the distant tracks (both before and during the races) and make their bets at the old familiar windows.

No betting parlors would have to be built, staffed and maintained, and no new and expensive electronic gear would be required (beyond the hookup with the other tracks). The same people would run the operation, thus relieving the state

of the problem of going into the betting business, and yet the state would still take its standard cut from the action.

Former California Governor Pat Brown liked the idea, and at one time the proposal was on its way to the state legislature, but after Ronald Reagan defeated Brown the Andros Plan went into limbo. Now an effort is being made in California to revive it.

## HASHIES vs. HIBLICKS

Two New Yorkers, Charles White and Connie Seredin, have labored and brought forth the International Professional Golf League, a far-out concept that has become the subject of lively conversation on the golf tour. The IPGL is being formed, says White, because: 1) many pro golfers would welcome a permanent base with guaranteed income, a retirement plan, limited travel and opportunities for "star status" in an adopted community (e.g., Ron Santo is from Seattle, but Chicago is where his name sells pizza); 2) most golf fans never see live golf competition except on television, and even on TV they are increasingly unable to identify with the players because of the abundance of faceless—meaning what's the name of the guy who won this week?—regulars on the tour; 3) many businesses and advertisers (28, according to Seredin's last count) want to sponsor professional golf but can't because there simply is no room on the PGA schedule of events.

White and Seredin say the new league would remedy all this by establishing golf teams in various cities. Each team would have six golfers and would play 60 times a year (30 home-and-home match-play "games") between April and October. Like other team players, the golfers would be paid salaries (between \$40,000 and \$60,000), no prize money would be available except when teams divided playoff and championship purses. Letters outlining all this went out to touring pros, says Seredin, and, "We got enough back to prove there are guys

out there who are interested." The PGA hierarchy has taken no official stand except to express "surprise" that it was not asked for advice.

The IPGL expects to have a final organizational meeting within the month, at which final financial commitments, locations of franchises and procedures for player procurement will be determined. Eight sites seem certain—New York, Chicago, Toronto, Detroit, Atlanta, Phoenix, Florida and New England—and there may be more.

"There are no instructional booklets on how to organize a league," says Seredin, "and so we've been doing this quickly for two years. But in another month the IPGL will be so big it won't be possible to keep it quiet."

## WIN, PLACE AND SPLASH

Sportsmen now planning their spring schedules should note that the first annual International Lobster Racing



Championship is officially set for May 22. No, not in Maine or any of those obvious seaside places. This event will be staged in downtown Cleveland, a location that does not seem kooky at all when one considers some of the other aspects of the meet.

Veterans of the sport have discovered that lobsters stubbornly resist training and are never really "up" for more than one or two races, reports Nancy Vickerson, a public-relations lady who is running the show. Therefore, it has been decided that the owners will eat the entire field right after the race. After all,

crab/and



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#### OUT TO PASTURE

Hank Bauer, in "retirement" since Charles O. Finley fired him as manager of the Oakland Athletics (with a year to go on his contract), offered the following comments to Baltimore Sports-writer Lou Hatter the other day. On the salary checks still coming to him from his Oakland contract: "I walk to that mailbox on the first and 15th of each month, when the check is due from Charlie O. If it's a day late, I phone." On idleness: "I didn't miss baseball all spring, until the games started. Since then, I've been climbing the walls." On managing again: "If another offer came along, I'd have to consider it. But I really don't care that much about managing again. These kids today—you can't tell 'em anything." On what kind of job he'd like: "Right now, I think I'd rather be a coach again."

#### ENCORE

Thor Heyerdahl is going to make another effort to cross the Atlantic from Africa to Central America in a papyrus boat. His attempt last year failed (SI, April 20) when his craft, the *Ra*, began to fall apart in heavy seas 800 miles short of land. This year's boat, *Ra Two*, was built in Morocco instead of Egypt, and its artificers were four Bolivian Indians, rather than Africans from the Lake Chad area. *Ra Two* follows the same general lines as its ill-fated predecessor, but it is smaller, lighter and, hopefully, stronger. To avoid the winds and waves of the hurricane season, Heyerdahl will leave soon, two weeks earlier than last year's May 25 departure.

#### COLLEGE GRADUATE

In a rather startling switch of environments, Ned Harkness, the immensely successful hockey coach at Cornell the past seven years (SI, Jan. 2, 1967), is leaving to become coach next season of the Detroit Red Wings. John Wilson of the Los Angeles Kings, who coached hockey

at Princeton some years ago before moving into the professional game, remarked that Harkness would have to take a rather different approach with his professional athletes than he did with his Ivy Leaguers. "In college," Wilson said, "you coach at a team level. You appeal to the team as a whole, teach it as a whole. In the pros, you have to appeal to individuals, coach different players in different ways. Ned will have to approach his players as grown men who are working at their profession, instead of as boys playing a sport as a pastime. And where he had to get his college team up for only 30 games a season, at most, he'll have to keep his professionals at a competitive level for 76 games, plus the playoffs."

Wilson also pointed out that much of Harkness' success in college hockey (he had 14 impressive years at RPI before moving on to Cornell) was the result of his recruiting ability, which won't do Ned much good in the NHL. "Still," Wilson granted, "he certainly has done a great job on the collegiate level, and no one can say that he won't do the same with the pros."

#### DOUBLESPEAK

During the Masters at Augusta after Sam Snead and Takaaki Kono were paired in the first round, a wag remarked: "They got along very well because neither speaks English." This recalls Snead's performance on a Bromo-Seltzer commercial about five years ago. "On the Day of Atonement ah can't hardly eat," he said. That sounded appropriate enough and made Sam very popular with his Jewish fans. What they did not know was that he really was saying, "On the day of a tournament."

#### NEATHNESS COUNTS

A lady had just hit the Exakta for \$148.80 at Pimlico and was idly admiring the lovely ticket in her hand when an unpleasant teen-ager suddenly raced by, grabbed the precious bit of cardboard and fled. There went the \$148.80, you would think, but Mrs. Ruth Ziegler had bought some losing tickets, too, and they saved her day. She had wheeled the No. 3 horse with all the other horses in the race and, though the winning 3-2 combination was gone, she had all the other tickets in her purse. Track authorities checked the numbers, and, since all Exakta tickets are numbered chron-

ologically, it was simple to determine what the number of the winning ticket was. Mutuel cashiers were alerted, and when the thief attempted to cash in the next day he was taken into custody, and Mrs. Ziegler had her \$148.80.

#### CONSIDERATE JUSTICE

The island of Sardinia has its problems: 5,000 without homes in the capital, Cagliari; towns without drains or cemeteries; thousands of children in the Cagliari area who can't go to school because they start work at the age of 10.

But all Sardinia, and much of the rest of the soccer world, was evulvating on April 13 because Cagliari shut out Bari 2-0 to clinch the Italian soccer championship, the first time the trophy has gone south of Florence and Bologna.

Among the mob in the stands at Cagliari, the police spotted two wanted criminals and pounced on them. But Gigi Riva, Cagliari's left winger, supported their plea for enough mercy to let them see the rest of the game. Afterward they were taken away in handcuffs.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Gerald Macklem, former British Walker Cup player and one of Britain's leading golfing figures: "It is time something was done about the slow play of Americans. What they do in their own country is their own affair, but American tourists play the game all over the world now, and everywhere they go there are complaints of their keeping people waiting on the course. With so many people waiting to play the game, this could become a real menace."

• Mike Kilkenny, Detroit pitcher, on the difference between pitching in the minors and the majors: "If you make a mistake in Montgomery, it's a single. If you make a mistake in Toledo, it's a double. If you make a mistake in Baltimore, it's a home run."

• John Plimbley, Rice golf coach, on his team's erratic driving: "When the squirrels and birds see us on the tee they start scattering. We've set back the mating season in Texas 90 days."

• Jacques Cousteau, underwater explorer, on the current practice of using chemicals to sink surface-oil spills: "Imagine how clever of mankind, when he has a big slick of poison on top of the water, to add something to it that will make it sink slowly and kill everything in its path, all the way to the bottom." **END**

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# A COMMAND



# PERFORMANCE



*From a treetop tiger shoot in India, Robert Lehmann flew 8,000 miles to watch with his wife as his long shot Dust Commander took the rail soon after the start, stayed there nearly all the way and won the Kentucky Derby. Before he climbed down to begin the trip, he got his trophy tiger.*





## 'MIKE AND THIS HORSE NEEDED EACH OTHER'

by WHITNEY TOWER

Robert E. Lehmann, born 49 years ago in Fremont, Ohio, is a slightly built, unassuming man who believes in good-luck charms and superstitions and is so delightfully frank that he says defiantly, "It would mean twice as much to me to shoot a record tiger as to win the Kentucky Derby." Within nine days during the last fortnight, Lehmann, a retired construction company executive with comparatively new thoroughbred holdings in Florida and Kentucky, managed to achieve this wildly improbable tiger-Derby double.

Although seeming hot, bothered and bewildered as the champagne flowed in his direction at Churchill Downs last Saturday evening, Lehmann unabashedly set the record even straighter. "Of all the 100,000 people here today, I'm the most surprised," he said.

Maybe not, because there were a lot of surprised—and mortified—faces around the old track after the Derby, but surprised he was certainly entitled to be. His \$6,500 purchase, Dust Commander, trained by a virtual rookie in big-time racing, Don Combs, and ridden by jockey Mike Manganello, had just won the 96th Kentucky Derby by five convincing lengths in one of the major upsets of the last two decades. The elaborate Churchill Downs press brochure, which gave detailed histories on 18 possible Derby runners and 22 jockeys, failed to include a single word about any member of the victorious combination. Yet the week before the Derby Dust Commander had won the mile-and-an-eightieth Blue Grass Stakes, becoming the seventh horse in the last 12 years to use the Blue Grass as a steppingstone to victory at Churchill Downs.

On Blue Grass Day, April 23—which also happened to be his 46th birthday—Lehmann was 8,000 miles away from storm-ridden Keeneland on one of his

twice-a-year hunting expeditions. "I think I have one of the largest private collections of big-game trophies in the world," he muses. "and I wouldn't give up one of my trips even if my wife was having a baby." The Blue Grass ranked well below a baby to Lehmann, but it was a little bundle on the way to a bigger bundle. "I told Don Combs and my wife," he recalled, "that if we ran one, two or three in the Blue Grass, let's run back in the Derby. If we didn't, let's forget it. I expected them to send me a telegram, and then I went off and forgot about it."

At Blue Grass post time, give or take a few time zones, Lehmann was winding up an 11-day stint in a treetop shooting stand waiting for a tiger on the India-Nepal border, some 140 miles from Lucknow. "A year ago," he said, "I went out there and sat for 21 days, 14 hours a day, waiting to shoot a tiger that had killed 117 villagers in the surrounding countryside. I got him on the 21st day. This time I had already killed one leopard and a tiger, but I was after a record. I decided to stick it out, even if it meant not getting back for the Derby—no matter what Dust Commander did in the Blue Grass." On the 11th day of his watch Lehmann sat motionless in his stand. "You don't dare cough or even sweat at a mosquito," he said. "You just sit and wait. We had a young buffalo stalked out as bait nearby in this wild region of the Himalayan foothills. Suddenly I saw the tall grass moving. It was a tiger approaching. I let him get to within 75 feet of me before I killed him with a .380 Weatherby Magnum."

At Keeneland, Dust Commander was eliminating Corn Dill The Cob, Naskra and Protanto in the Blue Grass. Most observers felt the colt won only because of the sloppy going, but Mrs. Lehmann and Trainer Combs dutifully dispatched a cable to the Indian wilds with the glad tidings, and awaited confirmation to march on Louisville. But the cable had never arrived. Two days later, happily,

Lehmann telephoned his wife from Calcutta, heard the good news and made plans to return to Kentucky—mostly, he admits, because he had attained his hunting goal and not because of any frenzied desire to run in the Derby or even to see it. "How can you compare the excitement of the two sports?" the heretic asks. "In one you sit patiently for days and days waiting for the right moment, and what a satisfaction when it comes! In the other you spend two minutes watching a horse race, and then it's all over. I must say I prefer the former."

The owner of some 30 broodmares and about two dozen horses in training, Lehmann joined a motley gathering of Derby figures in Louisville last week. Arriving less than 24 hours before post time, he found a cast that included few of the renowned names of past Derbies other than jockeys Bill Shoemaker, Bill Hartack, Braulio Baeza and Milo Valenzuela.

Some owners and trainers had never seen a Derby before, much less started in one. Before it was over, many must have wished they had never dragged their horses to the Downs. No fewer than 18 passed the entry box Thursday morning, when it seemed that more colts had a chance to win this year than had started a year ago. And speculation was rampant as to which ones appeared to be legitimate starters and which would do whatever what kind of a runningsurface.

Louisville whiskey magnate W. L. Lyons Brown wanted his turquoise-and-white silks on display in the old home town and thus gave Diane Crump the opportunity to become the first girl jockey ever to ride in the Derby. She and her colt, Fathom, beat one horse, the pacesetter Rancho Legos, who slowed to a tired crawl after less than a mile.

George Lewis ran against the wishes of his trainer, Buster Millerick, and his jockey, Bill Hartack. They knew well that a colt who has developed a cough during Derby Week is hardly suited to going 10 furlongs against the best of his

*continues*

*With the same race plan that succeeded in the Blue Grass, Mike Manganello captured the Derby trophy as he leaps triumphantly.*

generation, no matter how lacking in class they might be. But Owners Alan and Phyllis Magerman were determined to give it a go—and were rewarded with a 14th-place finish.

Rain in Louisville through most of Derby Week bothered other potential starters. Corn Off The Coh, Dr. Behrman and Naskra weren't going to relish an off track. And when Corn Off The Coh drew the outside post and Personality drew No. 17 just inside him, the crowds deepened. Backstretch visitors concentrated on Derby Barns No. 41 and No. 42, and avoided Barn No. 19 as if Don Combs and all the Lehmann horses stabled there had the pox. That left Combs unperturbed, for this handsome, 31-year-old sideburned man with the tact and poise that his elders might envy knew exactly what he was about. And he knew, too, exactly what kind of a horse he was dealing with. After the Blue Grass he had told a small audience that Dust Commander—a son of

Bold Commander (by Bold Ruler) out of the Windy City H mare Dust Storm—was a colt who "thrives on distance." He added then—with a grin—"And I wouldn't mind one hit if it comes up muddy in Louisville next week. This is a little colt, maybe 15 hands 1 inch, but I think this makes him more manageable. I also think some of the others won't like the distance."

Combs may not have gotten the sloppy track he wanted, but on Derby Day, after nearly an all-night rain, the sun dried out the hard strip to the point where it was listed as "good." To a horse that means "tiring," the spranter types with what is called cheap speed would not stand much of a chance, and the race was clearly going to develop into a test among colts endowed with stamina. (One prospect who fitted this category, Protanto, was hurt the day before the Derby and will be lost for several months.)

Dust Commander had won his Blue

Grass by taking the rail, holding it, saving ground and wearing down the leader, Corn Off The Coh, in the stretch. That was in a field of 10. Last Saturday, Jockey Manganello, a 29-year-old who has ridden for 15 years, got away with the same tactic and won the Derby with the assistance of fine judgment and racing luck. He retained his cool, got his breaks and made the most of them. He won as he pleased to turn the race into a shambles, behind him, 16 rivals gasped and staggered their way home.

As the 17 left the two gates at the head of the stretch Rancho Lejos shot to the lead. Hartack and George Lewis were right behind him, followed by Silent Screen and Johnny Rotz, perfectly positioned. My Dad George, the favorite, was 14th. Personality ninth, Naskra 10th and stretch-running High Echelon 17th. Dust Commander, bumped early but saving ground around the clubhouse turn, was on the rail in sixth place, just

## THIS HORSE NEEDED HIS OWNER'S STAMINA



Derby Week is a hectic round for those connected with one of the horses. Each day there are hundreds of people to see, dozens of decisions to make and countless parties to attend. The routine has exhausted and exasperated more than a few horsemen, but last week one rugged individual loved every minute of it. Sonny Werblin, erstwhile show-business entrepreneur and former owner of the New York Jets, balding and semi-retired at 60, still has so much energy and stamina that he could have spanned some for his horse, Silent Screen (left), who needed it.

On Sunday, Silent Screen's tweedy trainer, J. Bowes Bond, stood outside Barn 41 at 7 a.m., taking an occasional sip from a steaming cup of coffee, trying to wake up after a night out with Sonny. The business at hand was to give Silent Screen his last big workout before the Derby. At 7:30 the colt's regular jockey, Johnny Rotz, arrived, followed five minutes later by Werblin and his wife, Leah Ray, who once sang with the old Phil Harris orchestra. Her most popular song: *On the Sunny Side of the Street*.

The workout went well. With Rotz in the saddle, Silent Screen went a mile and an eighth in 1:53 2/5, then galloped out the Derby distance in 2:07. At the barn everyone was happy. "That's a step in the right direction," said Bond. Thus assured, Sonny and Leah Ray left to catch

a plane for New York, where they were to help one of Sonny's old clients, Ed Sullivan, celebrate his 22nd year on TV.

On a dark and overcast Monday morning Bond did nothing more than walk Silent Screen around the barn and tell awaking newsmen, "No, I'm not going anywhere. I've got to get some rest so I'll be ready for the rest of the week. When Werblin gets back, nobody will get any sleep."

An overnight rain was still coming down steadily Tuesday morning, so that the main topic of discussion was what would happen if it rained on Derby Day. Sam Bowles to a cluster of soggy reporters, "I don't think it will hurt us." The Werblins arrived from New York that afternoon to watch the Derby Trial. Joined by Eddie Aronoff, they saw a long shot named Admurai's Shield plow down the muddy stretch for a surprise victory. That night Werblin attended a dinner thrown by the Thoroughbred Breeders of Kentucky, Inc., at the Brown Hotel. Afterward he and Bond returned to their rooms at the Standford motel, where Werblin stayed up to drink vodka and watch Johnny Carson, his good friend and neighbor at the United Nations Plaza apartments, on the *Toughy* show. After four hours' sleep Sonny was back at the track looking for action and was quickly surrounded by reporters again. He toured Warner Jones' *Henningsen Farm*, and he and Bond at-



behind Corn Off The Cob and just ahead of Terlago. Nobody expected Rancho Lejos to go on for long, and he began to chuck it as the field headed for the far turn. There Silent Screen swiftly moved up to take the lead from George Lewis. Corn Off The Cob put in a run to take over third position, and Native Royalty gave it a momentary try to move into fourth, with My Dad George steaming along fifth. Mike Manganello was sitting patiently, still on the inside, in seventh place after slipping around the fading Rancho Lejos. Here Hector Pilar, aboard Holy Land, attempted to get through in close quarters and drove his long shot up on the heels of My Dad George. Holy Land stumbled to his knees, tossing Pilar, and both Action Getter and Admiral's Shield, coming up behind, were forced to jump the struggling horse and rider to avoid possibly serious trouble for all. The maneuver cost both these stragglers whatever chance they might have had. It was, in-

cidentally, the first case of a fallen Derby rider since Granville lost Jimmy Stout at the start of the 1936 race.

Turning for home and the long stretch, it looked briefly like Silent Screen's race—that is, if the chestnut son of Prince John had it in him to be a real distance horse. He had a length on tiring George Lewis, appeared to be pulling away from Corn Off The Cob, and My Dad George seemed to be no serious threat. But with an abrupt and amazing burst of acceleration came Dust Commander. Manganello, seeing his chance, shot the Commander to the outside of My Dad George and George Lewis and to the inside of Corn Off The Cob. Then he took off in pursuit of Silent Screen.

There was no contest. By the eighth pole Silent Screen was beaten by a length and a half, and Dust Commander drew out to an easy five-length margin over My Dad George. The favorite finished half a length in front of High Echelon, who had only a head over Naskra. Silent Screen was fifth. Behind them, spread halfway up the race track and trailed by the riderless Holy Land, came Admiral's Shield, Corn Off The Cob, Personality, Native Royalty, Robin's Bug, Terlago, Dr. Behman, Action Getter, George Lewis, Fathom and Rancho Lejos. The winner's time, a slow 2:03½, was irrelevant in view of the "dead" track.

What is significant is that young Don Combs, who has been training on his own for less than three years after some valuable apprenticeship under Herman Goodpaster, succeeded in an endeavor that has stymied some veteran trainers for years and years. "Let's say that Mike and this horse needed each other," he commented. "They understand each other. The colt bruised his right front foot in the Dade Metropolitan Handicap at Tropical Park on Jan. 10, and we gave him a month off. It may have been a blessing in disguise because we never even tried after that to point him for the Flamingo or Florida Derby. We just gave him time. After he ran poorly in the Fountain of Youth at Gulfstream we brought him to Keeneland, and I put Mike on him."

Most of the beaten Derby horses had no excuse. Classic colts are supposed to be sufficiently gifted to adapt to various track conditions. The fact that the riders aboard such as Terlago, Personality, Corn Off The Cob and Dr. Behman

later claimed that their mounts were unable to contend with the drying surface means little, Ray Broussard, who rides My Dad George, came closest to the truth when he admitted, "We just got outrun. We may have run a good race, but we were also beat by the heat horse—the best horse today, that is." He could have been saying it for all of them.

Dust Commander may be small, but he certainly seems to be durable. The Derby was his 23rd lifetime start and the ninth this year, and the \$127,800 he earned increased his purses to \$181,604. He was not nominated to either the Preakness or the Belmont Stakes, but now he could be supplemented to both. However, he developed some heat in the left front ankle two days after the Derby, and his starting status in next week's Preakness remained uncertain.

At the Churchill Downs victory party Robert Lehmann couldn't get away from that tiger hunt and his good-luck omens. Racetrackers were surrounding him in hopes of some special insight on how he achieved his Derby victory with a \$6,900 purchase. "Listen," he said, "maybe I'm just lucky, but I believe in taking your luck with you. I always have some with me." He fished into his pants. From the left pocket he brought out a rosary; from the right four bones. Four what? Yes, bones. "Now, this rosary," said Lehmann, "I've carried it every day of my life since my grandmother gave it to me when I was 7, at my first Communion. These bones are something different. There are two pair here, one from a leopard and one from a tiger. They are lucky bones, the loose floating bones that come from the side of the neck of the cat family. I must be lucky these days, because the tiger I just killed was over 10 feet and between 600 and 700 pounds, probably within three or four inches of a record when they get around to checking it out."

How about the Preakness? "I don't know about that," he said. "But I do know one thing—for the first time in my racing career I'll have no trouble getting stuffs."

"You are so right," boomed a voice at close range.

Lehmann turned to meet the stranger who introduced himself. "I'm Chuck Lang, director of racing at Pimlico. Now, Mr. Lehmann, about your stall requirements and other arrangements at Pimlico. . . ."

END

---

tended the National Turf Writers dinner.

Following a spell at the hotel bar and less time in bed, Werblin showed up at the track Thursday wearing a coat and tie so that he could attend the governor's luncheon. That night Ed McGrath, the local agent for Lloyds of London, which had insured Silent Screen for \$1.8 million, threw a private dinner for the Werblins at the Big Spring Country Club. Sonny was given a certificate naming him a Kentucky colonel. At 7:15 a.m. on Friday, Werblin, sporting a wild Hawaiian print shirt, watched Silent Screen blow out three-eighths of a mile in :34.2, somewhat faster than Bond had planned. By that night most of Werblin's guests had arrived, and they all went to a party thrown by Toots Shor at the Standford.

Sonny and Leah Ray left the party at 2 a.m., were up early Saturday to check the colt's condition and returned to the motel to mix a few of the drinks they always have on the morning of a race—Jack Daniels and orange juice, otherwise known as black screwdrivers.

Established in three boxes overlooking the finish line at the Downs, the Werblin party joined in the singing of *My Oh! Kentucky Home*. Nobody cried. Silent Screen finished fifth. At the victory party Sonny was a good loser. He had a few drinks and left early for another party.

—WILLIAM F. REED

# CAGED, TAMED AND ON A TEAR

*It is a different Chicago Cub that is off and running this year. He is quieter, more thoughtful and inclined to rest more often. He even is deferential, unless he loses and he is Leo—and then he is a lion* **by PETER CARRY**

When the Chicago Cubs return to Wrigley Field this week from their first long road trip of the season, the Bleacher Bums, those rambunctious rooters, will be cut off and cooped in. Beer hawking in the bleachers already has been replaced with over-the-counter sales behind the stands by bartenders who have been threatened with unemployment if they serve minors. And beginning Thursday bleacher spectators will be caged behind screens that should prevent debris and delinquents from littering the outfield.

What all this fencing-off will do for the Cubs and, particularly, for their manager, Leo Durocher, remains to be seen. Before the hot club suddenly went into a chilling tailspin in Atlanta, losing three straight games, it was operating in an atmosphere of restraint. The husky Cubs of a year ago seemed tamed. Third Baseman Ron Santo no longer clicked his heels at the final out of each win, although he knew his team had improved enough to warrant a little celebration. A tape of the Cub fight song that had played interminably on a portable recorder in hotel lobbies, dressing rooms and buses last season was not heard despite another fast start that had already included an 11-game winning streak. By Sunday night the National Leaguers still had a 2½-game Eastern Division lead, the position they held from April 8 to September 10 a year ago. Durocher even hinted he might change some of his strategy of 1969, although in Atlanta he began to sound more than a bit like his old blusterer self.

"Last year it was like a kid with a new toy. This season everyone is calm," said Santo after the first of the losses to the Braves. "We've already had a longer winning streak than we had all last season and nobody's said anything about it or a pennant."

Santo walked to the locker-room door

to congratulate rookie Jim Colborn, who had pitched 4½ innings of strong relief while Atlanta was beating Chicago 9-2. "Nice going, Jim. You opened some eyes out there tonight," said the man who last year publicly berated rookie Outfielder Don Young for crucial misplays in a loss to the Mets.

"I was surprised to find when I joined the team at the end of the exhibition season that they have so much confidence and are so calm after what happened to them," said J. C. Martin, the catcher who was traded from the Mets last month. "They avoided talking about last year with me. When I came into the clubhouse the first day, I was carrying my gear in a Mets bag and they told me to get rid of that right away. Later when I got my world champions' ring, a few of them stopped over and said 'That's nice,' but that's about all. They learned a great deal from last year, when they always seemed to be looking ahead to some series a couple of weeks off and not worrying about the importance of the game that day. You could see it clearly when you played them."

The strongest reason for the Cubs' quiet new confidence is the addition of Johnny Callison, who is the first solid rightfielder the team has had in almost 10 years. Callison came to Chicago in the trade that sent Pitcher Dick Selma, the uncalmest Cub—who faded sharply late last season—to Philadelphia. Callison is a fine outfielder and a pressure hitter who can understand his new teammates' feelings. He played on the 1964 Phillies team that lost a 6½-game lead in seven days late in September. Callison drove in 104 runs and hit 31 home runs that year, but when the Phillies in subsequent years fell back in the standings his performances dropped off. The chance for a pennant in Chicago seems to have revived him. After the first month he was second in runs batted in and home

runs for the Cubs and was batting .310.

The arrival of Callison solved only one of Durocher's problems. He still must platoon Jim Hickman and Jimmie Hall, who combined for a .231 average last year, in center field and he has no proven fourth starting pitcher, although Colborn and another rookie, Joe Deckert, have been impressive. More importantly, if the Cubs are to win the Eastern Division, Durocher must find a way to rest his six other regulars, all of whom have been on the All-Star team in at least one of the past two seasons.



Ron Santo still clicks, but not his heels.

"When we played the Cubs last late season we could see they were worn out," said Martin. "They weren't as sharp and as aggressive as they could have been." Only Billy Williams among the top six hitters batted more strongly in September than in August. Don Kessinger, Ernie Banks, Randy Hundley and Glenn Beckert averaged between 58 and 122 points lower.

"I was naturally more tired last year," said Santo. He has missed only 10 games in his 10 major league seasons and, like his teammates, underplays any off-the-field factors in the Cubs' collapse. "It was a mental tiredness, not a physical one, and it was caused by the constant pressure of the pennant race."

Ferguson Jenkins, the Cubs' top starter, who has worked more innings during the past three seasons than any other big-league pitcher, added, "It's right there in black and white if you look at the numbers. We haven't been a good team in September the past few years. We had some guys on the bench last year who could have helped but we didn't use them until it was too late. Those last three weeks were a nightmare. We weren't getting any runs, the fielding fell down and our pitching wasn't as good on some days either."

Durocher, who refuses to talk about 1969, says he plans to rest his regulars more frequently this season. Last week Ernie Banks, who played in all but seven games in 1969, was rested three times but relief for the other starters may be much longer coming. The Cubs are a set piece with a weak bench.

Even if Durocher works flexibility into his lineup, he showed clearly that he is not changing his style on the field. During the Atlanta debacle, which did not cost the Cubs any ground in the standings, he threw a steel folding chair at a photographer who was violating a rarely enforced National League rule that forbids aiming a camera into the dug-out during a game. The next night Durocher, who had been deferential to umpires during his team's winning streak, was ejected for the first time this year when he twice—once in full view of the television audience back in Chicago—made an Italianized version of an obscene gesture at First-Base Umpire Tony Venzon.

Until the losses in Atlanta, Durocher had little cause to display his usual pique because the one player he never has to

worry about resting, Leftfielder Billy Williams, was carrying the Cubs into the lead. Williams began the season in an 0 for 16 slump, but since then he has hit eight home runs, driven in 26 runs and played in his 1,000th consecutive game. As unexcitable as his manager is explosive, Williams, who has the lean strength that athletes describe as a "good body," displayed no excitement about this latest testament to his durability, nor was he claiming fatigue after having played in every game since September 21, 1963. "The only thing that's gotten me tired is everybody telling me I must be," he said.

Banks was more impressed. "I think it's extraordinary, but I don't feel there's much luck in it," he said. "Look at the other guys who have played in a lot of games. I didn't know Gehrig, but I know Musial [whose league record of 895 consecutive games was passed by Williams last season]. It's not only the case of having a good body and being lucky about not having major injuries. They're the kind that play hard but don't get into

situations where they will hurt themselves unnecessarily. Their instincts are good. They don't run into outfield walls because they know how to go back on a ball properly and they have good communications with the other fielders, so they don't have collisions. They slide hard and they have the coordination to slide right so they won't get hurt. They are even-tempered, so they don't get upset and lose control of their bodies. They have total self-confidence and they do the right things automatically. And they don't complain about things like a sore thumb. Billy plays when he's hurt. I can see it, but he never tells anyone."

Williams batted 121 points higher last September than he did in August and Durocher will continue to start him or use him as a pinch hitter as long as he is able to walk to the on-deck circle. It is the other Cubs, who do not have Williams' fortunate combination of attributes, whom Durocher must worry about resting. If he can find a way, the Bleacher Bums may be granted an amnesty in October.

END



After slow start, tireless Billy Williams, who improves with the season, is wearing out pitchers

# EAST IS KNICKS BUT WEST IS WEST

When the twain met, New York found Los Angeles' peerless Jerry West the principal obstacle to victory in the NBA playoffs

by FRANK DEFORD

Jim Murray, the prize-winning syndicated columnist of the *Los Angeles Times*, was at the Derby in Louisville last week, telling his readers of the horrors of another city ("This crummy old bawd of a river town") and its famous spring event ("It's like holding the heavyweight championship on a barge"). He really should have been home, for the annual championship futility of the Los Angeles Lakers is at least as reliable a part of the sporting calendar as the Derby, and, by now, very nearly as rich in tradition.

This is the seventh time in the last nine years that the Lakers have reached the NBA finals, a prodigious record of consistency that only the most royal of sporting families—people like the Yankees, Canadiens and Celtics—have ever approximated. Of course, any resemblance between them and the Lakers ends there, since the other teams win, and so the New York Knickerbockers came to town last week determined to do their part to see that the Lakers kept losing.

What a pity for the devoted Angelinos that Murray wasn't on hand to assess their city and their sporting highlight. It doesn't seem fair. So, with apologies to Murray:

All right, sports fans, here we are in Los Angeles for the NBA finals. *They Shoot Lakers, Don't They?* The league has taken the rule books away from the refs and given them copies of *Silver Spring*. The Lakers have finished second so many times that in this town Axis employees wear Laker buttons. They say, "We Try Often." The fans still come out to see the Lakers only because they have a lot of local flavor. The Lakers re-

mind them of Grauman's Chinese Theater since they always play the finals with their hands in cement.

Of course, the fans are used to second-best here. Anybody who can get out of L.A. does. Hollywood is on location in Europe. The mayor is away so much he makes Judge Crater look like the man who came to dinner.

This is the town that first gave us smog, under its maiden name, Pasadena, Saint Bernards patrol the freeways, carrying stale tacos around their necks for the stranded. Los Angeles is the only city in the world where the suburbs are so tacky the slums won't let them near for fear it will lower their property values. If the Santa Barbara oil slick drifted south, Los Angeles would put a rope around it and call it a public park.

Jerry West made a 63-foot shot at the buzzer, and the Lakers still lost. This is like surrendering after Hiroshima—to the Japanese. The team has finished second so often that Tom Dewey and William Jennings Bryan could open in the backcourt. The last time Floyd Patterson fought, he came prepared to leave disguised as a Laker. Not even Doris Day has come as close as the Lakers so many times.

The team's arena is located next to a racetrack, so the fans at least used to be able to get even at night. But the bookies here are smart and after six years stopped taking place bets on the Lakers. If the Lakers lose in the NBA finals one more time, they win perma-



nent possession of a new trophy presented by the management—the Los Angeles Kings.

The New York-Los Angeles series was developing along the usual Laker lines—perverse. The players were winning games they seemed destined to lose, and losing those that must surely be theirs. As usual, the Lakers were the underdogs;



Jerry West's 83-foot shot with one second left tied third game, which Knicks won in overtime. West (14) reached midcourt as shot dropped

as usual, just as everything was going great. West bruised his left thumb in the third game and woke up the next morning with a painful, misshapen, nearly grotesque hand. Naturally, in the best Laker tradition, he played his finest game the next night. "What could we do?" said Knick Coach Red Holzman. "We didn't have thumb practice."

Even after six straight championship

defeats (seven, counting one in '59 when the team was in Minneapolis), no one—least of all the Boston Celtics, who heat them in all those series—has ever suggested that the Lakers have caved in to pressure or been guilty of anything except not being quite good enough.

Indeed, once again the Lakers showed their heart in this championship, as they came back from 1-0 and 2-1 deficits—

and they had to win the fourth game in overtime after suffering an emotional overtime defeat in the third. Now they must be tested again, as the Knicks went into the lead once more by winning the fifth game Monday night in New York, and stood only one game away from winning their first championship.

In the end, though, the outcome will almost certainly be decided, as it has

continues

until now, by how well the Knicks shoot from outside and how well the Lakers control the tempo of the game. It has been a series not so much of matchups as of flow. When the Knicks have been able to run and open up the court—as they did in all but the third quarter of the first game—the Lakers are no match for them. But the Knicks' main weakness is rebounding, and without the boards they can't set the pace—unless a high percentage of their outside shots go in. Their problem is accentuated more by the fact that Willis Reed, the league's MVP, must battle the larger Walt Chamberlain, and, on offense, is far from the boards when he shoots outside.

What Reed has accomplished in these playoffs has been magnificent—particularly since he has been hobbled with a chronically sore left knee. No man has

had to face, in succession, the quality of opponents he has—Wes Unseld, last year's MVP; Lew Alcindor, next year's MVP; and Chamberlain, MVP two years ago and still a great bulwark even in active convalescence from knee surgery. However, in moving outside to find room to shoot over Chamberlain (and Alcindor before him), Reed has, by necessity, usurped Walt Frazier's territory.

Frazier hasn't been able to penetrate so well up the middle, has had to take the offense more to the sides, and the Knicks haven't been able to get as many of their good shots over the top. This may account for the shooting slumps that plagued them in the first four games.

The team's success depends on its outside shooting. After the first game West could only shake his head in awe. "They just raise up and shoot," he said.

"They're such a very, very intelligent team. Reed is so active, and they recognize this, and use him so well in their offense. And they just all can hit. They work for an open 15-foot shot, and if this man isn't open, he passes to another man for a 15-foot shot, and if he isn't open, they keep passing it till they find a man who is open for a 15-foot shot. And if he happens to miss, then they just go to the bench and find another man who can make a 15-foot shot."

Los Angeles, on the other hand, has had to depend on working set stuff off of Wilt, and on West, and on West, and on West. The conflicting styles have been one factor in making this series so exciting. Only two other playoff series in all NBA history had two overtime games. Moreover, the second game, in New York was decided by only two points, and the Knicks came from behind in the last quarter to win the opener.

It's only appropriate that the championship has been so thrilling, for never have so many cared so much about the NBA. It's the rage, especially in all the most important places. The Knicks have played to 956,226 fans at home. With the possible exception of *Oh! Calcutta!* which, of course, appeals to more evaled instincts, Knick tickets are the prize catch in a town where there are tickets to a lot of things. Even Mayor Lindsay showed up in the locker rooms after one game. "Fun City, baby, Fun City," Frazier said in greeting.

Interest is equivalently high in the nation's other largest city. Imagine, even this: all the hotshots in Las Vegas are scurrying around for tickets for something in L.A. There aren't any, of course, and the Lakers, like the Knicks, have been happy to accommodate the overflow with theater TV. The home TV of the second game from New York had 31% share of the Los Angeles audience. Hugh Hefner and his bunny wabbits even delayed the taping of their TV show to watch the third game on monitors.

This was the game that the Lakers managed to lose 111-108 in overtime, after blowing a big lead. The Lakers had taken a 56-42 halftime lead when Keith Erickson hit a 40-foot shot at the buzzer. New York was cold, shooting 33%—25% not counting Reed—and the vaunted bench was useless. This was one for L.A. to take.

In all their seasons of teasing greatness, the Lakers have, however, never

*continued*



In their own little war, 7' 1" Walt Chamberlain and 6' 10" Willis Reed exchange dunks.

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Take our bottle. Imported O.F.C.  
is the only Canadian in Dominion  
teardrop glass.

Necessary? Yes. When you're the  
best, you've got to look it.

Take our cork. No other Cana-  
dian has one. Again, when you're the  
best, you should look it.

We made imported Canadian  
O.F.C. to look, to taste, to be, finer.  
Taste and see.

We do something they don't do.

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exhibited a tendency to go to the jugular, and they let the Knicks come right back at them. West grew tired, and the hand began to hurt. It was his man, Barnett, driving on him, who led New York in the rally until, at the last, it was a 100-100 tie with 12 seconds left. The Knicks called time and set up a play to spring Bill Bradley free for a shot off a Dave DeBusschere pick. Bradley couldn't get clear and, with seven seconds left, DeBusschere burst high to his left, above the free-throw line. Frazier passed him the ball. DeBusschere gave a head fake, but his man, Happy Hairston, did not bite, so DeBusschere could only raise again, for real, and, turning slightly sideways, he jumped. Hairston went with him, but DeBusschere put the shot in.

Well, under the basket, reached down in dismay for the ball and took it out of bounds. West and Erickson looked up at the clock that had stopped at :03. The Lakers had no time-outs left. West passed the ball in to West at the left of the lane. He used three dribbles, cutting to the right side by the free-throw line with the last one, for Reed had suddenly loomed up before him. In fact, West didn't shoot uncontested. Reed had a hand high, jumping with him, as he began his shot. West stopped, finally, about two feet beyond the free-throw circle, 63 feet from the basket, and let fly with the ball.

Chuck Hearn, the Laker announcer, whose game account is broadcast in The Forum, his voice droning in the background like some Himalayan chant, said: "An 80-foot jumper [Pause] Good." No one else was any more lucid or composed as the ball tumbled into the basket, just missing the back rim. DeBusschere, lacer to characterize it as "a disheartening hoop," was standing three feet from where the ball landed. He threw out his arms and collapsed backward in a heap. Chamberlain, playing under ABA rules, rushed over and roused West's hair, clapped his hands together and tore off to the locker room under the impression that Los Angeles had won. He was retrieved for the overtime.

"If the Lakers can't pick up momentum from that—wow!" Hearn said. They could not. They came out uninspired, reluctant to move or shoot. West missed all five shots he took. Barnett, reused briefly, came back to make the deciding basket off of West. New York was ahead, two games to one, and in command,



*Knicks harrying defense disconcerted Lakers. Here Walt Frazier intercepts West's dribble.*

and the pain and swelling in West's left hand was growing.

He kept ice on the hand the next night, and the next afternoon alternated treatments of ice, whirlpool and sound. The swelling went down, so he gave it a try. In 52 minutes he shot 13 for 26, 11 for 12 from the free-throw line, got five rebounds and assisted on 18 of the Lakers' other 33 baskets. Elgin Baylor played his best game, too—with 30 points, and some moves that he took from his 1960 repertoire—and Chamberlain was at the top of his game. So was Erickson, who is now the fine player he showed promise of being when he held the full-court press together at UCLA several years ago. Despite leading for virtually all of the game, the Lakers let Barnett and DeBusschere bring the Knicks back, and they could have won it if Frazier hadn't missed at the buzzer.

Then, in this overtime, the Lakers didn't need momentum. They had John Tressant. A substitute forward, Tressant had seen no action in this series until the last minute of regulation time, when Coach Joe Mullaney decided he needed some height for defense. Tressant re-

sponded like a puppy dog let off the leash, making steals, getting rebounds, starting fast breaks, passing, drawing fouls, giving them and generally inspiring his teammates with an exuberance that carried the Lakers to a 121-115 victory.

And so, Tressant had brought the Lakers closer, once again, in their eternal quest for a title for Los Angeles. West, who still wakes up in the night during playoffs, his bed dripping wet with the perspiration of nervousness, can't forget all the previous close calls. "Think" Of course I think. I think of all those shots that could have done it. I still see [I rank] Selvy's basket falling off, and the others, and I just wonder why just once we couldn't be the one to get those baskets that mean it all."

Baylor, stately now, one of the few men who has ever managed to appear dignified in a basketball uniform, is more philosophical. The only specter he sees is ahead. "Oh, I forget the losses. I'm immune to the past," he says. "This doesn't seem completely real anyway. It seems to me that even if we get by the Knicks, the Celtics must be waiting for us somewhere out there."

**END**

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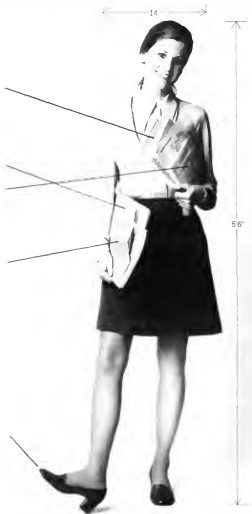
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**M**ario Andretti is a well-to-do young man. Last year he won more than \$350,000 in prize money at the racetrack, and it is conservatively estimated that he made at least that much again through various racing contracts, endorsements, public appearances and investments. Both on the scoreboard and at the bank, this is the age of Andretti in American racing. Over the last three years especially he has developed into very nearly the complete race driver, and he gets around. Next Sunday he will be on the starting grid for the Monaco Grand Prix. Then will come the long hours of May leading up to the Memorial Day Indianapolis 500, in which Andretti will be favored to become the first back-to-back winner in 15 years. Success and wealth have only fortified a basic simplicity in his character. He

says, "One of the few things I want to be able to do is buy my father a new car every year for the rest of his life."

A brief glance at his family history helps to explain Mario's thinking. He was born in 1940, the son of a prosperous landowner whose farms near Trieste were just on the Italian side of the Yugoslav border. At the end of World War II, however, Trieste and the land around it remained in dispute and the troubles that ended in 1948 put the Andrettis on the wrong side of the new border. They spent seven years in a displaced persons' camp. In 1955 Andretti senior brought his family to the United States; he was no longer a rich man but just another immigrant with \$125 in his pocket. Fifty dollars of that went to a relative who met them in New York, and Mario's father could find work only

as a laborer in a cement-block factory in Nazareth, Pa. Now Mario is the breadwinner, not only for his wife and three children but for his parents and various in-laws and godparents, both in the United States and Italy.

Reflecting on past struggles, Mario says, "Sometimes a person has to leave his pride home. Not just put it in his back pocket, but leave it home. I went through that. Now my family depends on me and I'm glad to be able to provide for them."

Andretti has done as well as any sports celebrity has ever done, short of entering a monastery, to protect his family—and himself—from the entanglements of sudden wealth, fame and success. Away from the racetrack, in fact, Andretti is a very private person. Whenever possible he avoids the social functions that

## ***MONEY IN HIS POCKET, SPEED IN HIS SOUL***



accompany every race—with grace and courtesy, but with a firmness that is often mistaken for aloofness.

Jacque Passino, Ford's director of racing, says, "He's just a nice guy. He doesn't call collect, he doesn't send bills, and he doesn't bug you."

The beautiful thing about Mario, in the eyes of some Indy men who have not been too happy about the recent impact of Europeans on the Brickyard, is that he can bug the foreigners on their own turf. A gauntlet of sorts was thrown down by Grand Prix stars like Jimmy Clark, Graham Hill and Jackie Stewart, and it was not picked up by a true-blue, track-racing, Indy-oriented driver until October 1968.

That was when Andretti fastened himself into a Colin Chapman Lotus and, late on a cold, blustery afternoon in Wat-

kins Glen, N.Y., qualified on the pole for the United States Grand Prix. The Europeans were stunned, not so much because Andretti had been the fastest qualifier but because he had done it in his very first Grand Prix. Some drivers flatly would not believe it. Others thought it a fluke, Jackie Stewart said, "I knew he was good, but I'm surprised he showed himself so quickly."

Andretti did not finish that race, or any of the three Grands Prix he started last year, but he was a solid third in the Spanish Grand Prix last month, and it will be acutely interesting to see how he fares on the streets of Monte Carlo.

Eon Young, a New Zealander who writes on European racing for several publications and is a former business partner of Driver Bruce McLaren, says, "Generally, Europeans feel that Mario

is the only American who is capable of coming over and winning immediately, the only one who can challenge Jackie Stewart and Jochen Rindt for the No. 1 spot in Formula 1. But on the other hand there is a European tradition of bringing just one car to a particular race and not bashing it up, and Andretti has the reputation of being a guy who crashes cars wherever he goes."

Yes, Andretti has been hard on cars. He points out that he drives a much heavier schedule than the majority of European racers, besides 20 U.S. Auto Club championship races, he plans to drive in at least several more Grand Prix events this year, three more long-distance sports-car races for Ferrari (he has already raced at Daytona and Sebring), most of the Canadian-American Challenge Cup series, a few stock and modest

*continued*

**Tiny Mario Andretti is rich and at the top of U.S. racing, but says he would 'give up everything' just to go on at the wheel. This month Mario defends his Indianapolis crown**

**by KIM CHAPIN**



ANDRETTI puffs right above, at left swings outside finish and puts a flaming cracker of two cars in Spanish Grand Prix, whose drivers hastily escaped.

events, and will continue a demanding program of testing tires and chassis. "Perhaps I try harder," he says.

Automobile racing contains an inherent contradiction: on the one hand a driver must have a natural desire to go fast; on the other he must be able to sublimate this urge to the larger goal of finishing the race. It was this contradiction that prompted Juan Manuel Fangio, the five-time world champion from Argentina, to say, "Racing does not mean going quickly so much as it means winning at the slowest possible speed." Stewart, last year's champion, meant the same thing when he said, "You don't have to go quickly to go fast."

Asking a driver to find his own limits and those of his car, and then to stay within them, is akin to forcing a sprinter to pace himself for 5,000 meters. But it must be done, and the list of drivers who seemingly have not learned this basic lesson is a long one. Jochen Rindt, for example, qualified on the first row of nearly every Formula 1 event last season, yet won just one race. In this country the classic example of this type of failure is NASCAR's Buddy Baker, who is among the qualifying leaders every time he shows up at a track, yet has won only four Grand Touring races.

Phil Hill, America's 1961 world champion, says, "Whatever it is that makes a driver go fast in practice and qualifying may prevent him from winning. Like Dan Gurney. I don't think Gurney wants to win. He's a great driver but something always goes wrong and it's not always just mechanical. I don't want to spook the guy, but Mario might well be like that."

From 1965 through 1967, when Andretti leaped to prominence, many things were written and said about him, and not all of them were kind. Parnelli Jones, a hard-charger who has an astonishingly low number of USAC championship wins (six) against starts (59), told a newspaper columnist that Mario was a meteor who "will burn himself out." Rodger Ward said the youngster had to learn patience; and Clint Brawner, Andretti's own chief mechanic until they had a falling-out last year, said Mario could drive successfully for 10 more years but hoped he would "bring it up in three."

Andretti does not really dispute his critics. "I'm too eager; I'm always fighting myself," he admits. "In endurance racing, people tell me I try to get by in

the wrong places, that I will pass my own teammates in a hairpin instead of waiting a split second for the next straight. I like to drive the car at the limit all the time. At Indianapolis last year Mark Donohue took three days to shake down his car. Man, I can't work like that. It's a fault I have, and I recognize it. I hope I get over it." He shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe in 10 years I'll have it worked out."

There are signs that the settling-down of Mario may come much sooner. Two recent races in particular, last year's Indy and this year's Sebring, provided hints that he has begun to learn, however reluctantly, to work within the mechanical limits of his cars and at the same time push himself to the very edge of his own limits when it becomes necessary.

Last May, Mario's car, like most of the Ford-powered racers at the Speedway, had a severe overheating problem, and in the first few laps of the race, which he led, his temperature gauges showed that his car was about to boil itself out of contention. Mario quickly dropped back off the pace. The strategy paid off when leader after leader hurried himself out and Andretti wound up in Victory Lane for the first time in five attempts, although he ran the last 200 miles of the race a good 15 mph slower than his car's potential. Andretti was happy enough, but it was definitely not the way he would have liked to win his first Indianapolis.

At Sebring, Andretti qualified his Ferrari 512S on the pole in 2:33.50, nearly a full second faster than the next car, a Porsche 917 driven by Jo Siffert. After a long, steady ride with co-driver Arturo Merzario, Andretti was nearly 70 miles in the lead with about 90 minutes left to go. Then a bearing in the gearbox failed and the Ferrari was out of the race. The car, but not Mario. The only remaining factory-backed Ferrari was still running, in third place, and with 54 minutes left Mario jumped into the safer car in what seemed a vain attempt to catch both the No. 2 racer, a Porsche 908 driven at the moment by Peter Revson, whose co-driver was Steve McQueen, and the lead car, a Porsche 917 driven by Pedro Rodriguez.

Andretti drove fantastically. He took one sweeping right-hander flat out, something he had not dared to do even in practice. His lap times were occasionally in the 2:35 range, just two seconds slower

than his qualifying times, despite the fact that he was now driving at night on a poorly marked course and that the track was oily from hours of racing. Mario caught Revson and, when the Rodriguez car suffered a suspension failure, Mario—with the aid of a brilliantly quick pit stop for fuel with just one lap to go—brought home the Ferrari in first place, a bare 23 seconds ahead of Revson. In one race weekend Andretti had run the gamut—he had been fast qualifier, he had driven at a steady pace in the first 11 hours and he had won a final, desperate sprint to the checkered flag. Mario was delighted with the whole thing. "It usually takes me four days to get over losing a race," he said. "If I had lost that one it would have taken a week."

Andretti has bent a lot of metal during his career. Although he has never been seriously hurt, he has been severely shaken up half a dozen times. His attitude is one of concern tinged with a racer's stoicism. "We're fast approaching limits," he said. "Technology is outstripping the driver. At Indianapolis this year the pole car will average 175 mph; at Michigan International Speedway two years ago I ran 183 mph, and at a new track in Texas this season we'll be averaging 195. Things happen before you can react. It used to be that when you blew an engine, for example, you had time to pop the clutch, but now you're into the wall backward before you realize what's happened. I don't know whether we need a cutback in engine sizes or higher minimum weights, but something's got to be done."

But Andretti copes with things as they are. During practice at Indianapolis early last May the right rear hub-carrier of his STP-Lotus broke and flung the car violently into the cement retaining wall. The car disintegrated and Mario later said he didn't even realize he had spun a couple of times until he saw films of the accident. Three days later he qualified second-fastest for the 500 in his backup car. Then, after he had won the race, he made a commercial, using pictures of the crash to advertise the fabric in his driving suit that saved him from severe burns when a flash fire momentarily engulfed his cockpit. "When I have an accident I don't think about it again if I get out O.K., except if it was my fault or something I could have avoided," he said. "It's just another leaf in the book."

continued

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MARIO ANDRETTI *continued*

Some pages are harder in turn than others, however, even if they are from another book. In 1966 Bud Larson and Red Reigel, two of Mario's early tutors, were killed in a sprint-car pileup in Reading, Pa. A young driver who was breaking in in the minor leagues at the same time Mario was lost an arm in a nasty crash. And Mario's twin brother, Aldo, has twice been seriously injured in racers, the second time last August when his sprint car flipped and threw him headfirst into a steel-mesh fence and shattered his face.

Then there was Billy Foster. Race drivers hardly ever develop strong, lasting friendships with each other. The uncertainties of their profession have produced a code of restraint. But with Foster, a young Canadian of much promise who raced the USAC circuit and occasionally drove stock cars, Andretti broke the rule. Perhaps their friendship was so strong because Foster was one of the few people the 5' 4" Andretti could talk to without craning his neck; perhaps it was because they both were equally lousy golfers. In any case, while he was practicing for the 1967 Riverside 500 stock-car race, a brake drum on Foster's car exploded as he entered Turn Nine. He hit a cement wall practically head on and died a short time later. Practice resumed as soon as the wreckage was cleared away, and in a while qualifying began.

Andretti's turn came to qualify. By then he knew that Foster was dead. Overcoming his emotions, Andretti went ahead and made his qualifying run. "That was the hardest thing I ever did," he says. "I was all caught up, like I was defying something. It was the one time when racing seemed all so meaningless."

A mutual friend said, "Most drivers are aware of what can happen, but they're always thinking, 'It can't happen to me.' If they thought any other way they could never get into a car. And when you get buddy-buddy with someone, then you start thinking, 'It can't happen to us.' That was the thing between Mario and Billy, and Billy's death bothered Mario for a long, long time."

Nevertheless, Andretti has retained an almost childlike enthusiasm for racing. It shows in his conversation when he describes, with great animation, interesting duels he has had with drivers he admires, or when he talks about negotiating a particularly difficult turn.

*continued*





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During the Sebring race this year, for example, he was told there was a slight dent in the side of his Ferrari, which looked suspiciously as though it had been made by the wheel of another car. What happened? Mario was a little winded and he spoke in clipped phrases: "I don't know . . . hitting so many things out there . . . a lot of cars . . . squeezing in between." This in the sixth hour of a 12-hour race, and Mario was itching for more.

Andretti has always had a soft spot in his heart for Ferrari. Although it no longer dominates European racing as it once did, Ferrari is still the most famous and prestigious marque in the world, and Andretti, a native Italian whose childhood racing hero was Alberto Ascari, winner of two world driving championships for Ferrari in the early 1950s, would dearly love to drive for Il Commendatore in Formula 1.

Just as Andretti was getting established on the Indy scene, Enzo Ferrari did ask Mario to drive for him. But there were strings attached. Mario would have to move his family to Modena and take the considerable risk of making Ferrari a fulltime affair. Mario said, "No thanks." Now, however, with his bargaining position improved, it is not inconceivable that a deal might be worked out to bring Andretti and Ferrari together on the Grand Prix circuit.

At the moment Andretti drives an STP-March in Formula 1 and an STP-McNamara Special, a new car designed and built in Germany, on the USAC circuit, both for Andy Granatelli. An odder couple neither Indy nor Europe has ever seen.

Andretti first met Granatelli the same year he had his first contact with Ferrari—1963—when Mario approached the new president of the No. 3 oil additive company and asked to drive one of Granatelli's beloved, brutal Novis. Andy said, "You're too small," and that was that—until 1969.

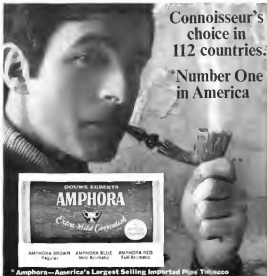
During the intervening years both men went their separate ways. Granatelli to build up the STP Corporation to the point where last year it controlled well over half of its market and grossed \$54.1 million, and Andretti to the races, where he supplanted A. J. Foyt as USAC's top star. Foyt undoubtedly would disagree, but some statistics are revealing. Andretti has finished first in 30 of 114 championship events during his career.

*continued*

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### MARIO ANDRETTI

a winning percentage of 26.3. Foy's career totals are 42 wins in 176 starts and a 23.8 winning percentage. Even more significant is that during the period since Mario's first championship race, at Trenton, N.J., in April 1964 (the finished 11th), Foyt has won just 24 races—to Mario's 30—in 100 attempts. No one else is even close to these two in any category.

Nearly all of Andretti's first four high-car years, 1964 through 1967, were spent driving for Al Dean, the owner of the Dean Van Lines Specials, who had given Mario a ride after the death of his previous driver, Eddie Sachs, in the fiery second-lap crash at the 1964 Indy 500. When Dean died of cancer at the end of the 1967 season, Mario bought the operation from Dean's widow, and an effect raced under his own colors the following year. But 1968 was not a particularly good season. Andretti won just four races—and finished second 11 times. At the end of the year he decided he would rather let someone else handle the business end of the operation.

Enter Andy Granatelli, who was at loose ends himself following the restrictions placed on turbine-powered cars after the 1968 season. Their personality mismatch is striking. Andretti is a tracer-bullet fired softly in the night. Granatelli is a heavy mortar. They get along just fine.

"Andy is one of the best things that has ever happened to me," says Mario.

"You can have anything you want," Andy keeps telling his driver. "Don't forget. You won the 500 for me."

High over the Southwest on the way to Phoenix for a day of testing, Mario Andretti dismantles the armrest between two adjoining seats in the first-class cabin of a jetliner, stretches out to full length and prepares to log a few hundred more of the 200,000 or so miles he flies annually in pursuit of the glory and wealth of speed. In the absence of his preferred drink—beer—he pours himself a tall Scotch and water.

"Why do I race?" he says. "I've thought about it a lot, believe it or not, and I don't know. I really don't. I don't think anybody except me can understand it. Whenever I get bored with racing I start thinking again about how much I wanted to be where I am now. I would give up everything—my home, my family, everything I've gained—to stay in racing."

**END**

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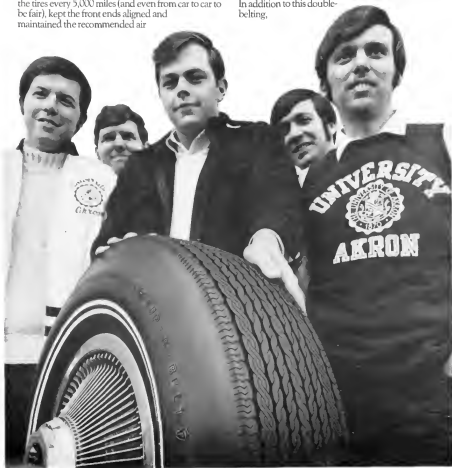
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Think about what you have riding on your tires — and then take a good look at our Sup-R-Belt (also available with raised white letters) at your Firestone dealer or store.

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# The World's First Peace Pentathlon



*In a five-event—swimming, parachuting, skin diving, running and trail biking—six-hour statement on the absurdity of competition, David Smith, also known as Super Hippie, ries with himself in an environment that is made up of Earth, Air, Fire Coral and Water*

by ROBERT F. JONES

Perhaps the tale of the world's first Peace Pentathlon should be told in comic-book form. Certainly the plot is graphic enough—full of bright colors, bold caricatures and quotes like SPLAT! and WOW! and YROOM! The characters themselves might have stepped out of *Barbarella* by way of *Prince Valiant*, with steps at *Tarzan*, *Batman* and *Submarine*. Then again, they might have stepped out of the *Yellow Submarine*.

Take the hero, Super Hippie, known to his friends as David Smith (see cover), a mild-mannered former child prod-

igy in golf, swimming and skeet (Northern California, Class D all-bore champion at 15) who has lately devoted his life to a crusade against competition. Not that he doesn't compete. He does with himself. But he rejects everything that smacks of organized athletics, from starter's pistols ("violent") to finish lines ("uptight"). Not to mention crew cuts. Super Hippie's hards makes Joe Namath look like Mr. Clean, and he has spaced-out eyes that scrutinize everything with X-ray vision. Well, at least he can see through a put-on.

Super Hippie's everyday costume—he calls it his No. 1 Adventurer's Outfit—is a sight to behold. Pythonskin boots with scales like new dimes. Bell-bottoms in a shade he calls "spiritual purple." A wool shirt with ballooning, black-velvet sleeves and five-inch cuffs cut from the grandest tablecloth in Tangier. All of it topped off by a leather vest with enough straps and buckles to give the Marquis de Sade a tingle. His No. 2 Adventurer's Outfit—the one he wears in action—is simpler. Adidas sneakers, a buckskin poncho, a tie-dyed sleeveless



undershirt in blue and orange with a white peace symbol on the chest. To change from No. 1 to No. 2, all he does is turn a few bars from the Beatles' *Here Comes the Sun*.

Then there's the Peace Pentathlon itself, a sequence of events that might have been lifted from the panels of *Terry and the Pirates* and reworked through the head of an underground newspaper cartoonist. The pentathlon was to take place in the U.S. Virgin Islands, which by themselves are a kind of funny-paper fantasy land. All in one day, and all by his noncompetitive lonesome, Super Hippie planned to parachute into the sea, swim a treacherous five-mile channel between St. John and St. Thomas, scuba dive through a chain of underwater caves, run for an hour and a half through jungle and countryside and wind up with a hairy trail-bike scramble up a steep and tortuous mountain road. Five physically demanding events, a test of versatility and endurance, run back to back with a minimum of rest in between. But why?

Super Hippie explained it all to a group of young black street fighters that he met on his first night in Charlotte Amalie on St. Thomas. The kids wanted to reduce Super Hippie to honky hamburger (after all, he did look a bit weird), but he pacified them with his Brotherhood Rap, then bought them a drink at a waterfront bar.

"I'm David Smith and I'm down here to do this Peace Pentathlon," he said with a smug devoid of aggression.

Blank, wary stares.

"You dig the Olympic Games, right?"

"Yeah, man," said Charlie, the leader of the gang. "John Carlos and the black glove. I dig that."

"Well," said Super Hippie, hunched over a tall orange juice, "they have a thing in the Games called the pentathlon—that's Greek for a five-event athletic contest. Running, shooting, fencing, swimming and riding a strange horse over enemy turf. It's supposed to test the skills of a battlefield courier—like a messenger who's got the word from one general to another."

"That's cool," said Charlie. "But they ought to bring it up to date. Cut out the sword fighting and have one with switchblades, or maybe jumping from roof to roof." . . . Smith flicked him a benign smile but his eyes looked dubious. A pentathlon for ghetto rioters?

"Look, what I'm down here in the Virgins to do is a Peace Pentathlon," he said. "Peace, man. Five groovy events that people do for fun, not for war. Events that aren't designed to beat other people, but to test what the athlete himself is capable of doing. If we can only get past the idea that we have to be better than the next cat, and concentrate on being better today than we were within ourselves yesterday, then the world will be a better place."

Charlie sat back, took a hit from his *pico cohula* and rolled his eyes out of sight. "Man," he said, "you is some kinda freak."

Maybe so. Charlie's opinion was certainly shared by many of the islanders who witnessed the Peace Pentathlon when Smith parasawmowed overbanked it last Jan. 25. Still, there was a point to the Peace Pentathlon, a message, in fact a whole series of messages, relating to travel and sports. Some of them belied the frivolity of the exercise. For instance, a straight line may well be the shortest, swiftest route between two points, but is it the nicest? Aren't the dynamics of movement at least as important as the goals? Is elapsed time the only criterion of success in a race, or is there some greater success involved in the very act of racing? Is the "will to win" only applicable in man-against-man contests, or does it pertain as well when the only competition is oneself? For all his flamboyance—yes, his freakiness—David Smith was uniquely prepared to probe those questions. In a way, the Peace Pentathlon was a logical outgrowth of Super Hippie's earlier adventures.

So, David Smith—common enough. Any middle name? "Winne the Pooh," Smith laughs. "Actually, A. A. Milne was a relative—cousin or something—on my mother's side. She dropped the 'e' in my middle name: Miln." Born? "Yes, indeed. In San Francisco, Oct. 17, 1938. A Libra with the moon in Leo and Scorpio rising." Smith's father, Dr. Seymour P. Smith, is a Bay Area obstetrician of no small repute. Growing up absurd in the madcat California's good life, young Super Hippie discovered that he was a natural athlete. At the age of 12 he became an eagle scout. Under his father's tutelage, he soon became a stick-out in golf (high 70s), swimming and shooting.

"My dad's a wonderful wing shot and an avid hunter," he says. "I grew up

with guns, and my best friend for many years was a German short-haired pointer named Barker. When I was 13 I was shooting skeet against men. I shot game, too—even big game. When I was 16, I stalked and killed an antelope in Wyoming. I gutted the pronghorn myself and packed it out about six miles on my back. The blood soaked through my shirt and, I swear, literally into my back. It took days for it all to work clean."

That may help account for Smith's present aversion to guns and hunting. Now he shoots only with a camera, and finds it more challenging. "You need real stealth to get the close shots that a camera demands," he says. "It would be cool, say, to get right up on a cougar; swat it lightly on the butt and say, 'Geeha, cougar.' I wonder what he'd say. 'Girrowwerrr?'"

Smith rejected golf for marker reasons. "Golf is too much the Establishment game," he says with a shrug. "That's not much of a reason—there's as much conformity in the anti-Establishment attitudes as in what they criticize—but I guess I just don't turn on to golf anymore. In a way it's a cool game—completely pointless, a guy just grooving on the trajectory of a little white ball clopped by a stick. Maybe it's the people who do the clopping who I don't turn on to anymore."

Smith also objects to the intense competitiveness of modern golf—and of most conventional sports. "To compete is to try to put someone else down," he says. "In a Christian sense, if we're good enough to beat someone, we should also be good enough not to want to put him down. Even in pro games, where the execution is often so superb that it overrides the put-down aspect, you get a sense that it's all programmed, all artificially narrow and not quite human. Whole cities get caught up in the put-down philosophy—the Jets have got to humiliate the Giants or else half the town will be unhappy. Or look at Baltimore—everywhere you look there's a loser—Colts, Orioles, Bulls, Spurs T. Agnew."

Coherence is not one of Smith's strong suits, though many of his thoughts have a simple strength that approaches cogency. He jots down ideas as they occur to him in a notebook on whose cover he has glued a colorful bodhisattva and the word Love. He writes with a felt-tipped pen—on the theory that the broader the pen point, the deeper the im-

continued

sight. One of his objections to highly competitive sports is the anger it necessarily generates in the competitors—the self-stimulated rage that demands “kill, kill, kill.” As he wrote recently: “Anger is a hammer, especially when it grows—it limits, makes me unclear, very single-minded.” Yet he recognizes the need for motivation and action: “Verbalizing about the future without action leads to conflicts after what you’ve been talking about doesn’t become true.

... I want to be up, vitality high, energy high. Ready to break through walls without anger or hostility.”

Drifting through nine California colleges without any abiding interest in academics, Smith gradually began evolving his adventurer's mentality. In 1964, on a bet, he swam the Golden Gate—a perilous mile that he covered in 27 minutes. More important than the elapsed time was the effect of the swim on Smith's psyche. “It pulled me together,” he says now. “Before that I was just drifting, like most California kids.”

Somewhere in his reading, David had turned on to Lord Byron—not the man's poetry but his romanticism. Byron, too, had been a swimmer, yet as Andre Maurois wrote in his biography: “What was he to do with life? It could not be spent in swimming.” Why not, Smith asked himself. Swimming was a trip, and Smith planned to use it as a means to the end of self-realization, an Aquarian journey “to strange places and blank faces, which I knew I could make smile.”

Early in 1966 he signed onto a freighter and worked his passage to Europe, then hummed his way to Spain and Morocco. No one had ever swum the Strait of Gibraltar from Africa to Europe, since the prevailing currents work in the opposite direction. Smith set out to whip it the wrong way around. The men who know the Strait and its eddies best were the Spanish smugglers, so he hired one of the most experienced as his pilot. “They were good heads,” he recalls, “but they had a bad habit of trolling live bait while escorting me. The closest I ever came to being taken by a shark was on a practice swim between Rabat and Skhirat. I always try to stay within 20 yards of the boat, and during this swim I looked up and saw one of the smugglers pointing to my right. I tried to rise up out of the water and spot the fin, but I couldn't see it. I made for the boat and

they hauled me out the moment I reached the stern sheets. The shark went past about two feet behind me. It was a hammerhead, they said.”

Practice made perfect, and on July 1, 1967 Smith became the first swimmer ever to conquer the Strait from Africa to Europe. The 19-mile swim took him 8 hours, 45 minutes. Other swims followed, Capri to Naples (a 12½-hour gut buster that he considers the toughest of



Event 1: *Smith in prison, Smith prepares to parachute (right) into sea off St. John.*

his life—particularly since he was misguided by his girl friend, who was also his pilot, and swam the wrong way), in the Suez Canal (a 30-miler, which he didn't finish due to cramps), Lake Ohrid in the Macedonian reaches of Yugoslavia and, of course, the Hellespont.

“I'm an unabashed romantic,” Smith admits. “The legend of Leander swimming from Europe to Asia in order to get together with a chick that really was the number for me. The fact that Byron did it, too, only made it better. Actually, it wasn't much of a swim—about a mile through moderately fast currents. Byron was 22 when he swam it in 1810, and it took him two tides. When he finally made it he spent an hour and a half in the water. I did it in 43 minutes—but it took me like 7½ hours to return to Istanbul on the bus.”

Then it was back to Morocco, where a little much-needed bread was waiting. Smith landed a television modeling job as the guy who walked a mile for a Camel through the Casbah in Marrakech. “During the number, I flashed on a whole new adventure,” he recalls,

“I was walking through the Casbah for my Camel, dressed in a light suit, a dark shirt open at the neck, loafers and shades—all of it borrowed but the shades. The idea hit me to get rid of this absurd costume, dress sensibly like a Moroccan, and walk through the Atlas Mountains. Maybe a bit of Buddha would rub off on me.”

It took a while to get it all together, but in November 1968 Smith took his 300-mile walk. Dressed in a dishdash of rained wool, carrying only a subsistence diet of dates, apricots and tinned beef, he spent 20 days in the Atlas that spare, serene mountain range which still retains the medieval quality it had when the French took over in 1844. “The Atlas was out of sight,” Smith says. “Primitive, harsh, hight—you felt like you were thinning out and becoming part of the sky as you walked those ridges. Any minute I expected to see Abd-el-Krim gallop up with a dagger in his belt. One night I was hassled by a couple of Berbers, but we sat down and had our confrontation, and I learned that even without a common language you have communication.”

After the High Atlas New York City was a bit of a breagdown. But Smith needed funds for his next adventure—even though he didn't quite know what it would be just yet. So he returned to the mills of Madison Avenue, grinding out commercials for Avis and Prell. His next adventure proved to be Haiti. Last summer he ran over the Massif de la Selle, a 9,000-foot mountain range back of Port-au-Prince. It was 22 miles of up and down through the greenery: tropical sun, towering clouds, staring black faces, red dust puffing up underfoot, no politics, just moving through the scene at a steady lope, letting the images impinge on his eyeballs and feeling his muscles at work. “Creative realization,” he calls it in his hip-conv-Mad. Ave. jargon. “I think of something to do and do it. Hey, is it high? It is! Energy up! The rhythm of movements. A relaxation of flow of the inner essence—continuity of being, moving through any movement, harmony. I run up the mountain, I flow down the mountain. In time with the moment. In pace with the universe. Watching from inside and out. Unity with all!”

Wising up to the commercial possibilities of his adventures, Smith brought along a cameraman on the Haitian outing—a hip cinematographer with a hand-



held camera who shot the run in the arty manner popular with underground moviegoers, all triple exposures and cockeyed angles and slow motion, Smith will use the film on a lecture tour he has signed to do for the National Talent Service, an outfit that has sent such disparate types as Timothy Leary and Senator Edmund Muskie to college campuses. "I'm trying to get myself together," Smith noted in his Love book. "Expanding into different areas. Trying to turn people on to an Up way of life. A way of their life thru mine as an example."

The idea of the Peace Pentathlon was conceived in midwinter Manhattan—the farthest from an Up scene you could hope for: black snow, winds chewing through the canyons like bone saws, the frozen vomit of winos in the gutters. For all his Energy Up philosophy, Smith himself was down—with a dose of flu that had him wheezing like a lungshot antelope. "Wan'll we get to St. Thomas," he said. "The sun will zap these mi-

*continued*





*Event 2: Smith swims five miles across the channel between St. John and St. Thomas.*

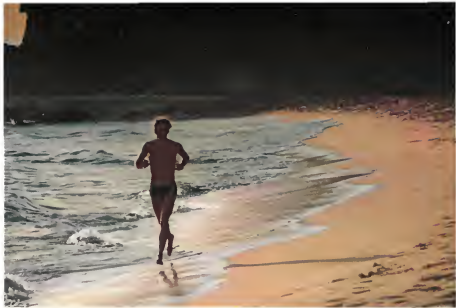
erobes in nothing flat." Smith had been to St. Thomas just before the Haitian run, had friends among the heads down there, and the islands offered a good logistical setting for the pentathlon. For parachuting, there was an excellent jump-master named Ed O'Brien, and Smith needed a good teacher since he had never parachuted before in his life. For the underwater leg, there was a fine diver named Palmer Williams, who had checked Smith out last summer and who could show him the best coral scenery. For the distance swim, there was Pillsbury Sound, a 3½-mile midrace between St. John and St. Thomas that would yield, with its set and drift, a full five miles of arduous swimming. For running and motorcycling, there were the island's rugged, potholed roads.

On the morning after his confrontation with Charlie and the rumberos—a bonus to Smith's way of thinking, since it had tested his abilities as a peacemaker—SuperHappy began getting into shape. His breakfast: a bowl of granola, two giant glasses of orange juice and 10 pills. Three vitamin C pills ("Condensed sunshine—it kills colds and builds energy"), two each of multivitamins and iron



*Event 3: Forty feet down, Smith wanders through an unfamiliar world which he found night for hours.*





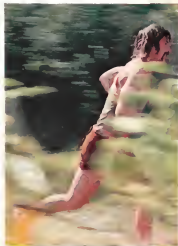
Event 4 Sprinting at sunset along Morningstar Beach, Smith gets in shape for his jungle run (below).



("For strength and big, strong red corpuscles"); one each of B-12 ("A real upper, though the Russians use it as a tranquilizer for some strange reason"), B-complex ("More energy") and vitamin E ("Helps your heart and your sex life"). Then off to Morningstar Beach to rendezvous with O'Brien and make arrangements for the parachute jump.

In contrast to most of the people at Morningstar—long-haired heads, limp-wristed Village fags, or knockout chicks in bikinis—O'Brien proved to be a steady, no-nonsense kind of guy: short, husky, dour, a plumber when not jumping. He was preparing a group of Germans off a cruise ship for a sky dive that afternoon. While waiting to see him in action, Smith donned his goggles, lashed a plastic life ring to his ankles and swam a few miles up and down the beach. Then he ran several miles through the heavy sand, accompanied by two resident dogs, a flashy Irish Setter and a Saluki. Smith seemed to take strength from the playful attitude of the dogs, particularly the Saluki, with its 20-foot leaps and its aura of matchless speed. Smith's

continued





workouts denied their name: they were fun. One began to understand his definition of vocation: "Thru my work, which is not toil work in the negative sense but a positive strengthening work. I have been able to rid myself of the gunk that society and my environment have filled me with. The work is a combination of therapy, self-awareness, strengthening of body and mind..."

Then the sky divers began falling from the clouds. Their aim was to hit the 50-yard stretch of beach, using gravity, cupped arms and—finally—steering by means of the toggles on their parachute shroud lines. The first jumper missed the beach by 10 yards, snagging in the cactus and thorn brush inland. The second dropped onto the road above the beach. The third made it onto the sand, but the fourth fell into the water 100 yards offshore. A water drop is dangerous: the jumper must keep clear of his shrouds, is weighted down with boots, jump suit and hard hat and is buoyed only by a Mae West, which may or may not inflate. Smith swam out to help the man in the water but received no thanks. Then he came back and built sand castles with a couple of black kids until sunset.

The next few days were spent in scouting routes for the pentathlon and in training. Smith spent a lot of time underwater. For a swimmer, he was amazingly unaware of the underwater scene, having started skin diving only a few months earlier. "Silent world, my foot," he said, emerging from his first dive of the week. "It's like an electronic rock concert down there. All squeaks and whistles and buzzes and chirps." He was particularly taken with a colony of garden eels that lived on the four-fathom curve off Coki Beach. With their tails buried in the sand, they swayed like plants in the bottom currents. When you dived toward them, they pulled themselves back into their holes; when you returned to the surface, they emerged. "You could orchestrate them," Smith enthused. "Like, catch them on movie film while a guy dived toward them and then rose away from them. Then syn-

chronize music over the film. Wow!"

The diver, Palmer Williams, 40, proved to be a curious cat—quiet, dry, pale and wispy, with the demeanor of a bank clerk, yet he had done salvage work at 300 feet on the *Lusitania*. He was wryly amused that Smith was going to swim the channel between St. John and St. Thomas. "Nobody's done it," he said. "Couple of kids tried it a few years ago and disappeared. Maybe the currents, maybe sharks." Williams' brother-in-law and partner in their Aqua-Action diving firm is a Wall Street dropout named John Andrews, 36, who quit his job with Smith, Barney & Co. when a physical examination turned up an incipient ulcer. "I'd been diving for fun for about 15 years," he said. "You can't make any fortunes underwater, like you can on the Street, but underwater who needs fortunes?"

With Williams and Andrews as his guides, Smith explored the reefs off Cabrita Point, an undeveloped spur of headland that thrusts into Pillsbury Sound northeast of Bluebeard's Beach. It would be an ideal touchdown point at the end of the distance swim, and scenic ground for the underwater leg of the pentathlon. About 200 yards offshore, in some 40 feet of water, the coral folded over upon itself in a series of canyons, bluffs and caves. Prowling among the elkhorns and brain corals, Super Hippie glided through flights of angelfish and dived to within spearing range of a 15-pound permit—silver, black-edged, its blubbery mouth moving as if in curses, its big eyes ablaze with outrage.

Later in the day, checking out a landing site for the transition from the scuba to the running leg of the pentathlon, Super Hippie stepped on a sea urchin. "Shoot," he grumbled while a friend tried to remove the spines from his heel, "why are there so many of those things?" Palmer Williams said. "They're competing for living space here in the shallow coral." "Competing?" said Super Hippie. "That's not cool."

All that remained to be checked out was the land route—a stretch of rough ground for running and steep ground for the trail-bike scramble. Smith had never raced a motorcycle before and he found it a challenge. "What do you do with your knees?" he yelled as he sputtered off on his first quick climb. They were stacking out at nearly right angles,

decidedly unphotogenic. On another run, he was nearly decapitated by a telephone line a repair crew was stringing across the potholed highway. "Rather like guerrilla warfare," Smith said. Soon, though, he was bubbling along like Bronson, dead cool and looking for adventure.

For the running leg Smith chose a stretch of highland trail overgrown with thorn bush and elephant grass. From the rutted track he could see out over Pillsbury Sound to St. John. "Look at that!" he exclaimed. "The winds and the currents all laid out for you, and how can you figure them out? I've been on mountaintops in Greece and seen the same view. That's the sort of scene that must have gotten the Greek philosophers started. All that random motion it turns you on to doping it out."

So now all the scouting was done. It was P-day. Smith was up with the dawn, stomping with impatience in his *Spartan* sandals ("A cat made them for me on the beach at Agadir, to my design") and singing snatches of his magic song:

I little darling, I feel that ice is slowly melting  
I little darling, it seems like years since  
it's been clear /  
Here comes the sun. . .

Then he turned a bit introspective. Though the day had broken clear and calm, the weatherman predicted winds up to 35 knots that would whip Pillsbury Sound into a froth by midday. Super Hippie had to beat the wind to Cabrita Point. "Mission: Impossible," he muttered as he watched the cloudless sky. "This tape will self-destruct in five hours. . ."

It would take a bit longer than that, but let's hear Super Hippie tell it as he might have recorded it in his Love Book: "9:53 a.m. Plane is approaching Drop Zone over Lynd Point. Decision: should I wear my sneakers or my magical python boots for the jump? Salt might rot them, but it has to be the pythons. Pilot throttling back. Sea is wrinkled with light winds, sailboats look like frozen whitecaps, there's a slick 'O' on the water: the guide boat circling the target. Gotta remember: one two, three, blow—the Mae West. O'Brien is saying something. 'Did you say NOW?' Yes, NOW," says O'Brien. "I mean THEN! I mean, get the hell out!! I get. Slide out of the

*Event 5: In hard hat and tie-dyed prayer shirt, Smith blazes up Mountaintop on his trail bike. Then, Leander-like, he contemplates lobosus with Joanne Seifinger at pentathlon's end.*

*continued*



## What's new Pussycat?

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## Peace

hatch, cool hit from the wind, slight tug from the slats, line. Pow! Nothing ever looked better than the chute opening up. Nice light through the chute's silk panels—red, white, black. A mind-blower. Chilly up here but you can see the islands lying green and solid all around, getting hugger. Dead quiet, even the plane only a faint buzz receding. Music coming up from somewhere, from the guide boat—yeah, *Here Comes the Sun*. Nice of them. Play with the toggles a bit—sure, you can move yourself around! Wow! This is a real Wow, a trip and a half! All my energy is going in 2 1/2 minutes—I won't be able to swim a stroke when I—How close is the water? Should I unstrap myself? Wait. O'Brien said: "If you take that off, you fall out of the chute." Ha, ha, ha. I'd better wait. And here comes the SEA!!! Turn into the wind!!!

"9:55 a.m. Kersplash! The sea is chilly warm, and the chute is blowing to leeward. I'm clear of the shrouds. The divers are off the boat, swimming to help me cut loose. Gotta say something. "Wow, outasight, I'm going to do this again this afternoon! *40-hundred-fish!*" Wiggle-struggle out of the harness, out of the hard hat and the shirt and the pythion boots. Swimming free now. Emery's up again. Head for the half-moon beach on St. John to make the touchdown before beginning the distance swim to St. Thomas.

"10 a.m. On the beach. Smooth pebbles, some as big as a hand, and the surf rattles them so that it sounds like distant applause. O.K. Lay some Vaseline on my armpits to prevent chafing during the distance swim. Meditate a bit about what I'm going to do. "Emery Up! I throw my hands in the air and feel the energy run through." Hyperventilate. All right into the water.

"10:02 a.m. This is the hard part, the rough part, swimming over distance. How many miles have I swum in my life. 2,000? Has to be the kindest sport—you don't see anything but a blue blur, bubbles, your arms flashing out and down. Goggles biting against your eye sockets. The guggle of water and the squealing of the boat's engine. Finally you find a rhythm—BACK Go the Old Miles, UP Come the New Miles—on and on and on. When it starts to hurt, when your shoulders and legs begin turning to lead, you gotta step out-

side yourself. The pain is in your body not your head. I get mean and sullen during the first half hour. I want to quit. But they never let me, the guys in the boat. Then I step outside my body and watch it swim on. 75 strokes to the minute. What do you get out of distance swimming? Well, you get to see halos around every lightbulb after a workout. Maybe that's the only reward—or maybe it's just eyestrain. BACK Go the Old Miles.

"11:58 a.m. Touchdown on Cabrita Point. For a while there, during the last half hour of the swim, the current was setting me to the east of Cabrita at a heli-ski clip. Had to keep the telephone poles in sight and hold them steady over my right hand. Then the water began to shoal—brown streaks of coral, the bright flash of a big fish—maybe dolphins. I couldn't start to worry 'shark.' Then working in through the big brain corals. Watch out for those sea urchins, the competitive little buggers. Ouch! One of them got me, anyway, and a fire coral rapped my belly button. There's the catchphrase: Farth, Air, Fire Coral and Water O.K., now I'll take a breather on the rocks of Cabrita until they bring me the Aqua-Lung.

"1:00 p.m. Longer rest than I'd anticipated. They lost the dinghy and had to go retrieve it, then the towline got caught in the propeller. Meanwhile I'm getting scorched. *Here Comes the Sun*—you bet. Why don't he go away! All right into the Aqua-Lung, rubber taste of the mouthpiece, beep-beep of the regulator and away we go. Down, down. Hold your nose and blow to clear the Eustachian tubes. Pop! Breathe the cool air from the tanks and release it. Slowly. The caves—underlit by reflections of light off the lip of the canyon, a world in reverse. Squaddies of gaudy fish hugging the coral—scared and twitching, but in unison! A green thing as thick as a fire hose, a moray eel, ducking into the dark. Lobsters—two of them. I flash onto the millions of evolutionary years they've been waiting here, scuttling across the coral rubble. Manly it's cool and dark, and you can feel the vibes of this up-tight undersea world. Big fish eat little fish. They're afraid of my shadow. Just cruise along, don't spook 'em—shoot, my hair's caught in the regulator! Long-hairs don't belong under sea.

"1:55 p.m. Out of the tank and onto





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had shaped in pencil.

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# Desert Inn

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## Peace continued

the beach. I've got it whipped! I'm breathing easy and the sea urchin spines don't even hurt. Now it's the run, and that's cool. Down through the saw grass, pounding beneath the thorns, glimpses of Greek philosophers and black islanders playing around in the bay back of Bluebeard's Whoever called it *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*? It can't be lonely when you can see people and trees and grass and houses. Lonely is for summerers. Oops! Made a wrong turn there, gotta backtrack to the road. Now it's getting hot, and my feet—they got soft and spongy in the water—are starting to blister in my shoes. A mongoose scuttles across the road. There used to be a lot of snakes on the island, so they brought in the mongoose. He cleaned up the snakes, but now he runs around in his impudent way, killing cats and chickens, and generally being competitive. Bad scene. Some say that the tourist will replace the mongoose. It's all right, keep 'em running—keep your head on anything but the heat and the blisters. Fluffy goats grazing in a field; horses staring wailed at a sign that says *Quiet Church*; little knots of people stopping and staring and thinking "Who's that freak?" A long rise, a drainage ditch, the stink of a cesspool—this is sport with the germs on it. O.K., there's the Lone Eagle Bar and Grocery, and beside it stands the bike. The beloved scrambler, Zoom and spokes and a seat to rest my butt upon. Just about time.

"3:27 p.m. VROOOOM!! I'm off on the last leg of the Peace Pentathlon, using technology to speed me on my way. Nothing wrong with technology if it's used for the necessities and for fun. Maybe I'm polluting a bit, maybe the machine should be powered by an electric motor—why don't they develop a solar pit, something that soaks up the sun's energy and condenses it, distills it into a super source of power? They can do it, we can do it. Meanwhile—VROOOOM!! Lean into the hard right, up of the toe on the gearshift, accelerate into the straight, back off and let the engine brake into the next corner, sprint into Mandal Valley. Old Danish farms, walls check-ablock to the rutted road, powpows over the potholes, past slow, bright stands of hibiscus, past Drake's Seat where the great English pirate looked down on the Caribbean and counted his doubloons, up along Majens Bay

where someone got eaten by a shark not long ago (thank God there were none cruising Pillsbury Sound today), more corners, more straights, a church, a cool stand of rainforest and now

The End of the Line! It's 4:10 p.m.


"In a way, it was almost like living the history of the species. Not only my personal evolution, growing physically stronger and mentally more aware and sensitive, but the evolution of man—dropping out of the heavens into the sea. Creeping underwater—living as one with this environment. Coming out of the water through the sharp coral, the sea violently smashing itself and me against the coral, I realized the tremendous changes that man has been through. I was living the changes. I was in a mini-encapsulated evolution. As I crawled out of the sea there was a moment when my legs were a bit weak. They became stronger as I ran through the jungle, and then on the bike I was into the modern era, technologizing my way into the future. Out of the sky and up to the mountain top. That's the way she goes."

Super Happie wasn't even breathing hard when he dismounted from the bike at the end of the Peace Pentathlon. All he said was "Nice day, huh?" From the lookout on Mountain top that marked the finish, he could see clear across to St. John, where he had jumped out of the airplane six hours and 17 minutes earlier.

That night he donned his No. 1 Adventurer's Outfit and attended a luau at a nightclub called Somewhere Else. Pigs were cooking over the coals. Clouds of steam mixed with charcoal smoke masked the tropical air. The scene, through the smoke, looked like the end of the world—or maybe the beginning. All of the freaks were there. Bobby, the joint's Negri owner, in his handlebar mustache and trim Bermudas, clutches of vacationing flags holding hands, chicks in silver lame pants who moved through the haze with glimmering grace. A rock band played *Here Comes the Sun*.

Super Happie stood cool in the smoke soaking up adulation. He held a pork chop in one hand, a silver-lame girl with the other. "Well," he said, "we sure showed those dope-smoking kids that clean living pays off." Then he laughed—noncompetitively. Byron might not have understood, but the crew of the Yellow Submarine could dig it.

END



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"Rally" products.



## PEOPLE

The starting field of what may be the world's most grueling rally, the 16,000-mile World Cup from London through Europe to Rio de Janeiro (via ship) to the finish line in Mexico City, included a couple of first-timers, **Prince Michael** of Kent and England's celebrated footballer, **Jimmy Greaves**. Neither had driven in a rally before, but off they went last month. Greaves and co-driver Tony Fall in a Ford Escort stuffed with canteeners of orange juice and coffee and a supply of paper underpants. "We are taking many pairs of paper underpants," Greaves said. "They're easily disposable and help to keep the washing down to a minimum." As for Prince Michael, he is one of a team of three, with brother army officers Gavin Thompson and Nigel Clarkson, the first two of the Lancers, the latter of the Royal Hussars Thompson, the team captain, is an experienced rally driver. Of his royal teammate who isn't he says simply, "Prince Michael is mad keen on motor sport."

◆ On tour of enlisted men's barracks at Fort Riley, Kans., Secretary of Defense **Melvin Laird** decided to test his skill at pool, and on the break he knocked the eight ball into a corner pocket. "I guess that was the game," Laird said. "Well, sir, it's ac-

cording to whose rules you're playing by," said the major who was serving as his guide.

"I'm a **Vince Lombardi** fan all the way," says NBC's **Nancy Dickerson**, so no wonder she gave him her full attention at a dinner party given by **Edward Bennett Williams**. She was impressed by the fact that Lombardi's players have so few hamstring muscle pulls and similar injuries. Lombardi explained that his players do isometrics and other exercises to condition themselves against injury. He worked out a plan for Mrs. Dickerson—"exercises to get the blood racing through your system"—plus some work on a exercise wheel. It wasn't until later that Mrs. Dickerson learned Lombardi holds a patent on the wheel. "See," she said admiringly, "he's such a big wheel he didn't even mention anything about that being his little wheel!"

San Francisco still has plenty of Yankee fans, people who recall such local boys as **Joe DiMaggio**, **Lefty Gomez**, **Tony Lazzeri**, **Frankie Crosetti**—and **Bobby Brown**. Bobby Brown is now a doctor in Texas, but in the state of California there are 17 other Dr. Robert Browns, and recently one of them, a 6'1" athlete-looking San Francisco internist, was stopped by a mo-

torcycle cop for speeding. The officer looked over the speeder's driving license. "Say," he began, "did you ever play baseball?" Dr. Brown, pausing for only a second, answered modestly, "Some." The cop closed his book. "Hey, that's great! Boy, was I a strong Yankee fan! Bobby Brown! O.K., but take it a little slower from now on—eh, Bobby?" Well, ask a Dr. Bobby Brown no exact questions and he'll tell you no exact lies.

Howard M. Metzenbaum faces an uphill fight against **John Glenn** for the Democratic nomination for the U.S. Senate seat that Stephen M. Young of Ohio will vacate in January. However, his campaign organizers, heartened by the success of one of last year's long shots, have come up with a campaign button reading "I'm a Metz Fan."

Another candidate for public office is **Sam Huff**, who is seeking the Democratic nomination for Congress from West Virginia with what certainly seems to be the full support of his wife. To help raise campaign funds, **Mary Huff** offered her season tickets to Redskin games to the person who came closest to guessing the combined weight of seven ex-football players—her husband and six Guam teammates—guesses going for \$20 apiece. The winner was Washington sportscaster Steve Gilman, whose estimate of 1,703 pounds was 20 pounds off the correct figure of 1,683 for **Dick Modestewski**, **Jim Katcavage**, **Bill Svoboda**, **Rosie Grier**, **Andy Robustelli**, **Harland Sarge** and **Huff**. A friend of Mary's, **Ethel Kennedy** by name, would have won with a guess wrong by only four pounds, but she was talked out of her choice. "I can't say it's not for a good cause," Mary Huff remarked when it was all over. "But what I do this winter?" Well, how about plan-



ning to have tea with Ethel Kennedy on Sunday afternoons?

Singer **Margaret Whiting** is a student of numerology and a horse-player who applies her knowledge of the former to her activities as the latter. "The prevalence of the number two," she says, "is my signal." And how does this work out? In a recent week she collected on 20 out of 22 of her \$2 bets.

◆ Down-to-earth indeed were the conservation efforts of Sweden's **Prince Bertil** as he went about with a ragpicker's bag and stick cleaning up Stockholm's largest park. Stockholm's **Snodsbuda**, a corps of hardy old-timers who deliver messages, run errands, etc., and 20 honorary celebrity members led 100,000 citizens in a city-wide clean-up campaign aimed at making the public more conscious of the results of littering. It took Prince Bertil one hour to fill his bag to the brim with candy wrappers, paper bags, beer containers, soggy newspapers and rusty tin cans. Ethel Stockholm's parks are as dirty as New York's or His Royal Highness does awfully fast work for an amateur.



# Are drug users more to be pitied than censured, or is it a pity they're not censured more?



Should all drugs be legalized and the users treated with sympathy instead of sentences?

Many Americans think that drug addiction is a medical rather than a criminal problem. To be dealt with by physicians, not police. With drugs and treatment equally and legally available under government supervision.

This would destroy the profit-motive in illegal drug traffic, take drug distribution out of the "pusher's" hands, and eliminate crimes that stem from the need to get drugs.

But others argue that making drugs legal would undermine the moral objection to their use, especially among youth. And would destroy the only real deterrent to drug abuse and to frivolous experimentation with drugs which may

themselves not be habit-forming, but can lead to the use of stronger drugs that are. They want stricter laws, more rigid enforcement, tougher punishment against indiscriminate use of drugs.

Either way, it's a decision for government to make, based on the opinions and desires of the people it represents. So it's important for you to have an opinion — and to put it in writing and send it to your federal, state and local officials.

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## Another 'bad trade' pays off

The Minnesota Twins may be running away from their division, and a big reason is Brant Alyea, who hits like—and with—Harm Killebrew

A Brant Alyea, as any Smith girl worth her weight in pretension knows, is a perfect after-dinner drink, like Cuvée. She would, however, be wrong. It is the name of a ballplayer, one who is only slightly less well known than another ballplayer, James Evan Perry Jr., whose fame derives mostly from the fact that he is the brother of Gaylord, the San Francisco Giants' pitcher people accuse of using a baseball as a cuspidor. They play for Calvin R. Griffith, and he is known, widely. He is the owner of the Minnesota Twins, and he tempted the Lates doubly, first by firing winning Manager Billy Martin at the end of last season, then by trading away to Cleveland good Centerfielder Ted Uhlenhuth, power-hitting prospect Graig Nettles, former Cy Young winner Dean Chance

and reliever Bob Miller for 20-game loser Luis Tiant and Stan Williams.

Detractors claimed these could turn out to be the two worst moves in recent American League annals. So far they have been anything but. With Harmon Killebrew (who is famous among Civil War buffs as the great-grandson of Clayton Killebrew, the strongest man ever to wear a Union uniform), Alyea, Perry, Tiant and Williams doing big things, Griffith's "folly" has turned into spectacular success. Much to the sorrow of American League President Joe Cronin and others who had hoped for tighter competition this year in the Western Division, the Twins might already have won the title.

At the end of last week Tiant had the best record (4-0) of any American League pitcher; Williams had won two games and saved another. Alyea was atop the league in runs batted in and Jim Perry was a four-game winner. They were not the only Twins producing. Little Cesar Tovar had the league lead in triples and Jim Kaat, who has averaged 15 victories a season since 1961, is back after a thigh operation and looks like the best left-handed pitcher in the league with a record of 4-1 and an earned-run average of 2.40. And Tony Oliva looks better than he ever has.

This was supposed to be the season when the young Oakland Athletics would rise to challenge the Twins and create some sorely needed excitement. The Athletics, however, were 4½ games behind Minnesota at the end of last week, and the Twins are not the type of team anyone can spot 4½ games. Surprisingly, the California Angels were the real challengers, but the suspicion is that they were pushed out of the gate by nothing more than a very easy early schedule.

And still to be reckoned with are Twins Rod Carew, the top AL hitter in 1969 with a .332 average, who has been injured, Rich Reese, a .322 hitter in 1969,

now mired in a slump, and Dave Boswell, a 20-game winner, who has yet to win. Inexplicably, Minnesota has always had the reputation of being conservative when it came to trades. In 1964 the Twins made what seemed like a very minor deal when they gave Cincinnati Pitcher Gerry Arrigo for something called a Cesar Tovar. Tovar dropped a pop fly on opening day with two outs in the ninth inning to let in the tying run, then won the game with a hit in the 11th. Since then, he has become the game's most versatile player as well as one of its better leadoff hitters, base stealers and batting-practice pitchers. Two years ago Minnesota swung a big deal with the Los Angeles Dodgers, giving up shortstop and onetime MVP—Zola Versalles and Jim (Mudcat) Grant for Miller and Ron Perranoski. Last year Perranoski saved 31 games for the Twins and won nine others. One of the Twins' most dangerous moves came last season when they sent Jim Merritt to Cincinnati for Shortstop Leo Cardenas. The Reds got 17 wins out of Merritt, but the Twins solved the shortstop problem that had plagued them since Versalles' fine year in 1965.

Outside of the Tovar deal, though, the most surprising trade may be the one for Alyea of Washington. Garibrant Ryerson Alyea as a name certainly does not have that clear and imposing ring of, say, George Herman Ruth, Harmon Clayton Killebrew, Henry Benjamin Greenberg, Roger Eugene Maris or even Ananias Rigal Perez, but Alyea has always been known as a potential home-run hitter who never seemed able to tie his streaks together. Born in Passaic, N.J., 29 years ago and now living in Rutherford, he came up to the Washington Senators in 1965 as a \$12,000 draft selection from the Cincinnati Reds. He had struck out once every three times at bat in the minors and was often accused of taking beautiful fly balls and turning them into memorable doubles and triples. But he did the same thing with beautiful pitches. His trouble in Washington was that both Frank Howard and Mike Epstein could play only left field and first base, and Alyea's position was in left. Thus he mostly sat and pinch-hit.

But there were definite signs of improvement in 1969, when Ted Williams became his manager. Alyea's philosophy about batting was to "hit hard and hope," and Williams wanted things a



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little more scientific than that. Through May of last year Alyea was Washington's leading hitter with a .333 average, and he hit some tremendous homers before the combination of Howard and Epstein benched him once more.

Opening in left this season for Minnesota, Alyea hit two three-run homers, batted in seven runs and went four for four. Eight days later he hit a grand-slam homer off California's Andy Messersmith, one of the American League's best pitchers. In Washington, now, followers are of two persuasions about Alyea's departure. Some wonder if an important piece of property might not have slipped away; others recall that last year he also started quickly, with five homers in his first 46 at bats.

Alyea believes that he has been helped considerably by the influence of Ted Williams and Killebrew. "You can't help but learn when you play for that man," he says of Williams. "His theories of hitting are dynamic. He makes you believe you're a better hitter, and suddenly you are. I just hope I absorbed half of what I heard on that Washington bench. Harmon has also helped me a great deal in making my swing more compact. I choke up about two inches so my stroke is shorter and the ball still goes as far as before, when I was down at the bottom of the bat."

Alyea and Killebrew give the Twins an amazing amount of right-handed thunder and lightning to contend with in a home park made for righties, and it is doubtful that managers are going to throw left-handers at the Twins very often. If Alyea stays hot the West might be a very cool division this summer. And fall is not really that far away.

## THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

**AL WEST** In his 18th year of organized baseball, 36-year-old rookie Minnie Mendoza got his first big league hit, and it enabled Minnesota (see above) to stay in first place. California stayed even with the Twins for three consecutive days, winning when Minnesota won and losing when Minnesota lost. Four good starters and three good relievers added to the hitting of Alex Johnson (.333), Jim Fregosi (.322), Roger Repoz

(.317) and Jim Spencer (.311) gave the Angels a 13-7 April, their best ever. "I am a peaceable man," says John Odum of the Oakland A's, "but I am ready to defend my friends at all times." Odum doesn't mean just once in a blue moon. He has been in every fight his team has ever had (a good record for a pitcher), including last week's brawl game at Boston. Unfortunately for the A's, Odum's box scores this year haven't been as good as his boxing, because of an ailing right arm, and another good swinger, Reggie Jackson, is hitting only .155. Like the stock market, CHICAGO was disastrously bad in the middle of the week, then revived slightly. Losing 18-2 to Baltimore Wednesday, the White Sox committed four errors, gave up 20 hits and tipped a fly ball over the fence for a three-run Oriole homer. Next day they blew a record. Tommy John, then 40-5, could have become the first pitcher to lose six games in April, but he brought his home-town preacher to the game, pitched well, singled in a run, and the Sox won the first of three straight. Last year KANSAS CITY's Charlie Metro wrote a treatise titled *Seventy Ways To Win a Ball Game*. He also wrote one titled *Seventy Ways To Lose*. The Royals seem to have read the latter. Twice in two days Bob Oliver took off from first on a fly to right and was doubled up. Twice in one day outfielder Pat Kelly threw to the wrong base. Metro yanked both, though Oliver had hit five homers in six games and Kelly was batting .375. MILWAUKEE can't afford any more lost weekends. The beermakers have won three games on Sundays, two on Saturdays and none at all any other day of the week.

MINN 16-7 CAL 16-8 OAK 11-13  
CIN 2-12 KC 2-14 MIL 8-12

## AL EAST

What do you call it if it flies and catches flies? An Oriole. What do you call an Oriole that chatters a lot? Paul Blair. "Never! Never in my life have I hit three in one game, not even a pickup sandlot game," said Motor Mouth at his usual volume and speed. "It's really something to keep going up there and watching the ball disappear over the wall." Blair had good reason to blare. BALTIMORE had beaten Chicago in that 18-2 game, and he had hit three more homers than in all 14 previous games. Everything was going so well that Baltimore could laugh about the few insects in the outfield. "I've never been hindered by a fast start," Boog Powell (.233) said. "That's a play I've never been able to make." Andy Eichenbarr said after throwing a bunt into right field. Outracer had 10 errors, seven wild pitches and a paved ball. The Tigers would have been farther off their feed if Al Kaline hadn't hit three home runs and two triples, driven in 10 runs and gone nine for 24 for the week. "A fight has to pick up a team," nos-

ton Pitching Coach Charlie Wagner said. "It brings you together," George Scott agreed. "Our fight with the Yankees in 1967 was an important step in our pennant race," said Rico Petrocelli. Sure enough, the Red Sox were 5-1 for the week after a Fenway free-for-all with Oakland. But then, too, Scott was 13 for 24 after being moved out of the cleanup spot, Sparky Lyle relieved in four straight wins and Carl Yastrzemski broke out of a slump. That must have helped some. WASHINGTON bought a set of hands and feet but got a complete ballplayer. Third Baseman Aurelio Rodriguez, obtained along with Rick Reichardt for Ken McMullen, slammed seven hits—including three home runs—for the week. And Reichardt was three for seven. Frank Howard swatted four homers. Stan Bahnsen beat California 1-0 to give NEW YORK its first shutout, first complete game and first winning series. Thereby encouraged, the Yankees swept the Milwaukee series, too, and rose above .500. CLEVELAND won three games during the week, an improvement, but had a firm grip on last place in the highly competitive East.

BALT 14-8 DET 12-8 BOST 12-6  
NY 12-12 WASH 12-11 CLEV 8-12

## NL WEST

Although Tony Perez' average plummeted to .429, the CINCINNATI home-run leader did help win a game with his 10th home run, tying the major league record for April. Johnny Bench and Pete Rose started to hit, too, but it was still the pitching that had bad visions of pennants flapping in Red heads. Jim Merritt won his sixth game, Gary Nolan and rookie Wayne Simpson each won his fourth. When Simpson needed relief for the first time this season, Wayne Granger was so effective that Sparky Anderson kept Wayne in the game (in right field) while rookie left-hander Don Gullett came in to pitch to one man, left-handed Willie Stargelt. "Heck," said Gullett after striking Stargelt out, "down home in Lynn, Ky. we made that move all the time." When ATLANTA got itself reconstructed, who was responsible? Aaron, of course. Tommie Aaron. Little brother rapped the Pirates for two doubles, a home run and a single, lifting his average to .261. Hank, only .241, did stay ahead in home runs. His ninth beat Chicago 3-2 and gave Phil Niekro a second win after four losses. Clete Boyer (.175) sank the Cardinals with a ninth-inning homer and turned Ron Santo's sure hit into a game-ending, game-saving double play in 13 seasons. LOS ANGELES has made 77 changes at third base, involving 39 players. Florida-raised, Florida-trained All-America Steve Garvey had looked like the solution—in Florida during spring training. But last week Garvey was optioned out and Billy Grabarkewitz grabbed the slippery job. Bating .364, Grabarkewitz could hold on. "His name is au-

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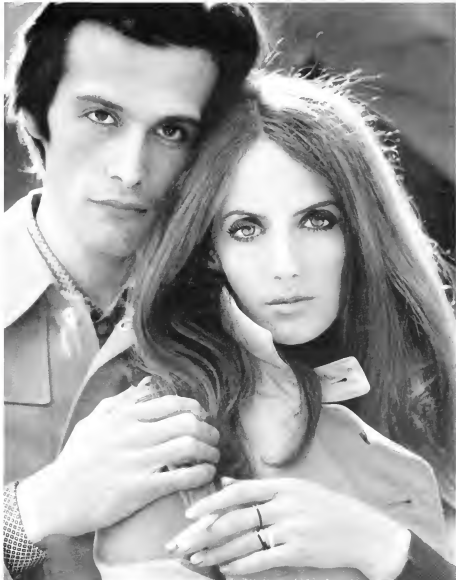
tomato, when I make out the lineup," says Walter Alston. Says Grubbs, "I check the lineup card before every game." Cable can seem to produce odd effects in some cases. Rich Robertson, who pitched his best game at three years, credited a long cable rule which "poked me up." The depleted Giants' staff needed the left-winger's Doug Rader derived his inspiration from the movie *Panama*. "We've gotta get off our duff," he said, echoing the general's favorite exhortation. San Diego drew only 34,000 to Cap Day and, slumped an observer, "This had to give away Dodger caps to do that."

CINN 15-9 ATL 12-11 LA 12-11  
SF 12-14 HOUS 10-15 SD 5-16

## NL EAST

The 1986 WAS CUBS won their 11th consecutive game before making the serious tactical mistake of going to Atlanta (page 28). With no road walls to stand enemy catchers against, the Braves had three complete games thrown against them and lost all three. **WATERS**, which lost 11 of its first 12 home games last year, lost eight of its first 14 this season. The Cardinals established another pattern. They blew two ninth-inning leads early in the week and a 2-0 lead Saturday. Five losses and a rain-out were no cause for cheer. Shaking up the lineup didn't help, but the farm teams might. Tulsa started next 8-4, St. Petersburg 12-1. While Stargell, Gene Alley, Bill Mauer and Al Oliver were batting a combined .144 for the Braves. For the first time ever, Stargell was pulled for a pinch hitter, and the Braves were shut out a third time in four games. Relief has been so bad that two old Braves might make a comeback. Al McBean has been picked up, and Elroy Face — now pitching batting practice — may be reactivated. Tom Seaver of New York gained his 15th straight victory (not counting a World Series defeat) with a 10-outcome victory over San Diego. The Mets, who had their best April ever (10-9), did lose their first game at the Padres' home park the next night, even after trying to scare San Diego by sending up Seaver as a pinch hitter. After 21 games run and run by pitcher Tom Seaver had gotten a) no RBIs in 69 at bats, b) one base stealer in 14 tries and c) a broken right hand. After 13 days on the active roster, Catcher Mike Ryan had a) six at bats, b) no hits and c) a broken left hand. The catchers' injuries came in the same inning. How bad is worse? "The Dodgers had their biggest day of the season, 15-1 against the Expos on Sunday, and Joe Spivey is so wild when he gives intentional walks that Gene Mauch says he may bring First Baseman Ron Fairly over to the mound to throw the ball for the pitcher."

CHI 12-7 NY 12-15 PHIL 12-11  
PIT 11-11 ST. L. 10-15 MONT 8-15



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## The big man who wasn't there

**Martin McGrady had rapped about beating Lee Evans outdoors, but when the meet was set, he wasn't**

The fastest 600 runner in the world sat at a bar in downtown San Jose last Friday night, staring moodily into a half-empty glass of tomato juice, his fourth, and trying to decide if he should get up the next day, put on a pair of short pants and run 440 yards. Now that may not sound like much of a decision to make. But when you've only got one sound leg, and the guy you're running against is Lee Evans, and you've been telling people how you can beat him at any distance, it comes a little hard, Martin McGrady sighed. "Sometimes I wish I had never set a world record," he said. "Sometimes I wish I could move to a foreign country

where nobody had ever heard of me and just be Martin McGrady, the guy across the street who works in a factory someplace. That would be real nice. No more problems."

The man sitting next to him, a Scotch drinker, shook his head. "You're kidding. You think factory workers don't have problems?"

McGrady grunted. "I guess so. I know I would. I always have all kinds of problems. I make them for myself."

And he had made this latest one, and it was a dilly. All winter he had been king of the indoor meets, frustrating Evans in every 600, breaking the world record three times. Then the pair had been matched in the 440, Evans' distance, in last Saturday's San Jose Invitational. McGrady had taken a month off at the end of the indoor season and was slowly working his way back into peak form. Three weeks ago his coach, Brooks Johnson of Sports International, sent him to run with the club's mile-relay team at a small meet in Virginia.

"There wasn't much competition," said Johnson. "And he was going to run the second leg, the easiest leg. It was just a low-key workout."

The day was cold, gray, windy. McGrady felt stiff as he watched the field get ready for a 100-yard dash. Then he thought, hey, that looks like fun. He was pulling off his warmup clothes as he came out of the stands. "I want to run," he said. "Swell," said the pro-

motor. He ran—for 30 yards. Then the hamstring in his left thigh went. Beautiful.

"I couldn't believe it," said Johnson. "No, that's not true, I could believe it. He's such a highly intelligent guy. Yet he's so naive, so simpleminded in some areas you wouldn't believe it."

Despite the injury, McGrady said he still wanted to race Evans at San Jose. Johnson told him to forget it. "Go out and try jogging," said the coach. McGrady tried, couldn't. Lang Stanley, the assistant athletic director at San Jose State, who was in charge of the invitational, called. Johnson told him the bad news. "Oh, no," said Stanley. "Are you sure?" Johnson said yes, but told Stanley to call him the Tuesday before the meet to make certain. Last Monday, hoping for a miracle, Stanley wrote McGrady a check for \$413 to cover his expenses. He mailed the check and returned to his office. Ten minutes later McGrady opened the door and walked in.

Stanley stared at him. "What are you doing out here?"

"I'm here to run," McGrady said. "The leg is fine."

Tuesday, back in Washington, Johnson found a note McGrady left him, and he exploded. "I told him not to go out there, and I thought that was enough. There's no way he can run on that leg and be competitive. I can't believe it. Maybe they just got him out there for publicity."



WITH McGRADY SIDELINED WITH A PULLED HAMSTRING, EVANS BREEZES TO A 45.8 QUARTER AT THE SAN JOSE INVITATIONAL

Two days later Johnson heard that McGrady was really going to run. "Oh, boy, this is really something," Brooks said. "It's a good thing I had a good week. This would set my faith in human beings way back. They know he's injured. How can they let him run? It's impossible to believe that no matter how much they want him to run they'd expose him to that kind of injury."

Friday afternoon Stanley learned of Johnson's wrath. He was a little shaken. "Oh, no," he said. "I thought Brooks had sent him." He called Johnson and said he would scratch McGrady. "No," said Johnson. "I don't want Martin to think I'd scratch him as an act of vindictiveness. He's out there and he has to make up his own mind."

Meanwhile, Evans, unaware of McGrady's injury, was priming himself for the race. Evans has been working as a home school counselor at Silver Creek High School. When school lets out, he heads for the track. There he meets Stan Dowell, his former high school coach and now the track coach at Silver Creek. They've been working together since the indoor season. "Stan has got to be the best 440 coach in the world," said Evans. "I'm on the same program now that he gave me in high school. Some college should have stolen him a long time ago."

"Nuts," said Dowell, who used to run the 440 himself, but, by his own admission, not exceptionally fast. His trouble was a trick knee. "It was funny as hell to watch me run," he said. "I once did a 49.6. My best time ever. But during the race the knee popped out, and while I was trying to get it back in I drifted over four lanes. The officials never saw me. I wondered if I should tell them. Then I said to hell with it. It wasn't my job to watch me and see if I was running legal. If I did it in 55 I might have told them."

Before he met Evans, Dowell loved the 440. After he met Evans, he became obsessed with it. He read every book on the race, talked with anyone who had run it or had seen it run. For Evans, he put together a program coupling the training routines of Peter Snell and Rudolf Harbig, the fine German runner of the late '30s. "Harbig ran the 800 meters in a world-record 1:46.6 in 1939. His record wasn't broken until 1955, and he was 25 years ahead of his time in his workouts. I figured the guy must have known something. So we com-

bined his theory with Snell's to fit Lee. From it he's developed a kick to come from behind so no one in the world can touch him."

"When I was in high school Stan was going around telling everybody that someday I'd be an Olympic champion," said Evans. "And I went around and told everybody he was crazy."

All winter Dowell gave Evans nothing but distance work. No speed. It wasn't easy. After each loss to McGrady, Evans would come back angry, demanding speed work. Dowell would talk him out of it. "He'd lose by a yard, by a few inches, and I knew he'd come back raging," said Dowell. "With speed work he'd overcome that easily. But then he'd be burned out for the summer, and that's where it counts. Indoors is a circus. I'd hear he'd lose, and I'd stay up all night thinking of ways to talk him out of it. Now McGrady will be ours."

During recent workouts, whenever Evans slowed, Dowell would scream. "McGrady's coming, McGrady, McGrady, McGrady." It worked, of course. "If anybody ever saw us, they'd think we were nuts," said Dowell. "Wait until Saturday. Lee is really ready. He'll smoke right past McGrady."

Evans shook his head. "I'll bet right now he doesn't show up. He never does. He's got a tradition for chickening out outdoors. I'll be running against the clock, for the world record alone."

And so, Friday night, McGrady stared into his fourth glass of tomato juice, but he was seeing Evans and Johnson, and all the past outdoor seasons which had gone bad for him. "I wonder why I care what people think of me," he said. "I always do. Why can't I just be happy-go-lucky Martin McGrady? Why is everybody upset just because of a little trip to San Jose? Why do I care? I tell people I wish I had been born stupid, and they don't understand. Stupid people are happy because they are too dumb to worry about what other people think. If everybody were stupid, then everybody would be happy." He thought about that a minute, then laughed. "But if everybody was stupid, then nobody would be stupid. That's stupid. Ah, hell, no, I'm not going to race."

Saturday broke clear and warm in San Jose. The officials had moved the 440 up to noon for the world-record attempt. They didn't want the wind, which usually begins to stir around 2, to wipe



McGRADY SPENT DAY AS SPECTATOR

it out. McGrady showed up in sweat clothes. "I got a pair of Bermuda shorts on underneath," he said. A photographer came over and began taking pictures of him. Evans, warming up, trotted past. "Hey, cool," said McGrady, "do you want to have your picture taken?"

"No, man," Evans snapped. "I've got to get ready to run."

McGrady's face tightened. "He'll find out where it's all at in a few minutes," he said. He began peeling off his sweat suit. He stopped, grinned, shook his head. "You'd think I'd learn," he said. "Well, Lee's got the fourth lane. That's where all the world records are set. Let's watch."

But there was no one to push Evans. The record is 44.7. Against no competition, Evans won in 45.8. He came off the track angry. "Damn that McGrady," he said. "I just couldn't psych myself up. What he come out here for if he didn't want to run?"

Dowell came over. "Baby, for a solo, that was beautiful. Just beautiful."

"It wasn't any world record," said Lee Evans.

END

## Quakers pull a swift one on the Charles



Ted Nash is the tough new crew coach at Pennsylvania. On Sunday his varsity eight (right) proved to be equally gritty as the Quakers outprinted the men of Harvard (center) in the upset of the season

On the eve of his first big race with Harvard last week, Penn's new crew coach, Ted Nash, 36, could not sleep. This was entirely natural and due only to what might be called Parker's complaint, a form of insomnia brought on by brooding over the record of Harry Parker, the Harvard coach. Since 1963 Parker's heavyweight eights had been defeated only once. (That upset was concocted last year by Nash's predecessor at Penn, Joe Burk.) Nash walked from his Cambridge motel down to the banks of the Charles, where the 2,000-meter Adams Cup would be contested by Penn, Harvard and Navy, and gazed for a long time at the river's murky waters. No doubt Burk had done the same more than once.

It is possible that Nash was chosen to succeed Burk at Penn on the theory that no one man could follow him—Nash, in his time, had been five: a budding anthropologist, a soldier, a flying instructor, a scuba diver and an Olympic gold medal oarsman. Most recently he was the Penn freshman coach.

It was in last year's Adams Cup that Penn slipped past the Crimson, which

up to that point had scored 34 straight collegiate victories. Burk was a giant of rowing before Parker grew to his present size. He established the foundation that put Penn within grasping distance of Harvard's trophy case. Burk was also a gentleman. Last year he retired to Tucson and is busy building a summer house in Montana, which is about as far away from crew as one can get. Now he hands birds and swans in streams that will never hear a crosswain's bark.

Nash has a gung-ho haircut, marksman's eyes and a rangy build that does not vary by more than an ounce or so from week to week. Work and worry have long since fixed him down to an irreducible minimum. He is a man who takes such aids as tape recorders to practice so as to lose no smallest clue to improvement. One rival coach has said, not unkindly, "I think Ted takes the whole thing too seriously."

Nash has had the tenacity to break with Burk's pattern of training. Burk had used a point system under which individual oarsmen were graded in practice and the highest scorers were assigned to the races. Nash, in contrast, does a

lot of work with pairs during practice to find people who pull well together, and it is with pairs, not individuals, that he composes his varsity shell. For example, one of the two new men in the Penn shell, Luther Jones III of Blackfoot, Idaho, and Canadian Rick Cronker rowed together as freshmen and they combined so well they were put in the varsity boat.

Nash made his selections early: the crew rowed practically without change for much of this spring and became a unit of considerable strength, beating, among others, a good Princeton boat. Another of Nash's innovations was to take moves of a Harvard-Princeton race on the Charles. Obviously rowing is a long way behind football in the visual-and game.

Nash also has altered Penn's racing style. Under Burk, Penn rowed what is called a paced race. In other words, the start, the middle and the end of the race were rowed at carefully measured rates, and this was considered an unconventional system. Nash has the Quakers rowing in a more traditional way, with a quick start, a powerful middle and a con-

continued



A man with dark hair is sitting on an ornate, dark-colored throne. He is wearing a long-sleeved shirt with vertical red and white stripes and bright red trousers. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is dark and moody, with some light reflecting off the floor.

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ventional finishing sprint. In addition, he has changed the method of rowing by having his men stroke with a one-piece drive through the water followed by a hard catch. "Sort of like Harvard," as Nash puts it.

Nash is something of a martinet. His practice "paddles" are like military drills. Most coaches shout instructions through megaphones. Nash's natural bullhorn voice needs no amplification. And there is no "if you please" or "mind your blade-work" cordiality about his manner. Put him on Parris Island and he would be an instant D.I. A Penn man who has watched crews practice for years was asked if Nash's methods worked. "Oh my God, yes," he said in admiration.

Nash, by the way, was once coached by Parker. That was while he was training as one of the oarsmen in a four without cox for the 1964 Olympics. "I came here [to Cambridge] and lived in Harry's boathouse and trained under him for a while," Nash recalled.

In 1957 Nash married Aldina Rodrgs. Aldina rows, too. Not only rows but coaches the wives of the four married Penn crewmen and the girl friends of the rest. For relaxation the Penn people get together by rowing mixed races—husband and wife vs. husband and wife.

If Nash is hard-nosed and predictable, Harry Parker is an enigma. In his quiet way he motors up and down the Charles behind his crews, never shouting, doing everything slowly, deliberately. He shows emotion only under extreme provocation, as in 1968 when Harvard narrowly defeated Penn to win an Olympic berth, and Parker could not keep back a look of jubilation. There had been some concern over the fact that Parker had to find replacements this year for four graduating crewmen, but only a little. Harvard's replacements are like anyone else's superstars. At an ounce or two over 200 pounds the average weight of Harvard's boat was the heaviest in its history. At stroke, for example, was 200-pound Steve Brooks, new in the position but a man

of Olympic experience at Mexico City.

Was Parker nervous about the closing sprint Nash had developed? Apparently not. "As far as that goes," he said, "I hope we'll be far enough ahead so we won't have to sprint ourselves."

Nash was cautiously optimistic. "There's no way for either coach to say yes, we're going to win, but today we're almost as experienced as Harvard."

Neither Parker nor Nash was happy about an eleventh-hour postponement of the race from Saturday afternoon to Sunday morning due to rough water. The Penn crew was up at 6 for a breakfast of toast and honey, and Harvard equally early, to greet a cool, overcast dawn with little wind. Paddling line from the boathouse to the starting line a few miles downriver, the crimson jerseys of Harvard were a tableau of confidence. Navy was not likely to pose a threat unless something extraordinary happened to Harvard and Penn.

In the Penn shell the oarsmen men-

tally reviewed what they had seen in the scouting films; they knew they had better jump off to a very quick start. The Quakers truly believed in their sprinting abilities; they were convinced that the final section of the race would take care of itself. It was the middle that would turn the tide.

"We felt we could do the job," Coxswain Bob Tansk said afterward.

Penn slid off to a picture of a start, hitting a high beat of between 46 and 47. It was sufficient for an opening lead of a seat or two. Along the bank Harvard supporters jogged or rode bicycles, yelling encouragement to the Crimson as they went. Farther up the river it was still too early for the bongo players, kite flyers and pot puffers who had covered the banks like a squirming blanket the previous day.

Penn kept the pressure on. The click, click, click of the cox's beat was echoed by the slap, slap, slap of blades skimming the light chop. Going under the Harvard Bridge, Penn still led, and now was deep into the crucial midsection of the race. Harvard began to press. Penn petrified. Then came the decisive sprint. Up soared the heat. Stroke for stroke Harvard and Penn matched each other, with a surprisingly strong Navy refusing to concede an inch despite lying third. As the three shells shot toward the finish the Quakers poured it on, pulling a length ahead of the Crimson and a little more. On the shore Harvard spectators looked stunned and followers of Penn equally so at the margin of victory. Someone said, "This one was for Burk."

Be that as it may, Ted Nash was the architect of victory. "I've never been so proud of a crew in my life," he said.

Ahead this week lay the Eastern Sprites on the slash of water at Worcester, Mass. called Lake Quinsigamond. That is where the Crimson evened the score in 1969. "We're going to have to go two lengths faster next time to beat Harvard," Nash said. Don't bet the Quakers won't.

END



THE ARCHITECT OF VICTORY: ROOKIE PENN COACH NASH

## One replay that got away . . .

Not long ago, in a city called Leeds in the heart of England's Yorkshire country, a Chinese chef won a national competition for cooking Yorkshire pudding. He called his creation "Yawksha Po Din," adding mysterious Chinese herbs and inflating the pudding beyond its accustomed stature in international cuisine by pulling it up like a soufflé. This came as a considerable blow to the self-esteem of Yorkshiremen in general. But now they know that it could only have been an omen of worse defeats to follow.

No matter that their pudding team had lost to an outsider, the locals pointed out then, they still had their pride in Leeds United, a soccer team regarded as one of the best sides of the last decade. Just a few weeks ago, in fact, Leeds United seemed to stand an excellent chance of winning the three top honors available to an English club—the regular professional league championship, the Football Association Cup and the European Cup.

Then things began to go wrong. The team was edged out of first place in the first division by Everton, and eliminated from European Cup play by Celtic of Scotland. Next, in the Football Association Cup final match at Wembley in London, Leeds played to a draw with Chelsea (St. April 20). And that left one chance for glory: the replay with Chelsea—this time in Manchester's Old Trafford Stadium.

When the match began last week, chances seemed good. Leeds United had dominated the first game with Chelsea and they dominated the game again this time. But, with 12 minutes left to play, Chelsea drew even—then won it, 2-1, in the extra-time period. And there was Yorkshire, as flat as a deflated "Yawksha Po Din."

Most experts in England had considered Leeds a strong favorite. Don Revie, the personable Leeds coach, allowed his "lads are ready now for a really strong effort."

Chelsea Coach Dave Sexton did not

seem so positive. "I should think we have a good chance to win the replay," he said. "I think Leeds played as well as it could at Wembley and we were a bit spotty and nervous. We should be over the nerves now and if we play our best it could be good enough."

Chelsea had one clear advantage in Old Trafford. Most of the 63,000 fans who filled the stands were Chelsea supporters, although Manchester is almost 200 miles from London and only about 50 from Leeds. Nine special trains had brought in the Chelsea crowd, most of them topped out in a wild collection of blue-and-white costumes. Almost everybody draped long blue-and-white woolen scarves around their necks, and headgear ranged from berets to bowlers to top hats. They straggled up and down Piccadilly, the main drag in Manchester, singing, to the tune of *The Bear Went Over the Mountain*, "You're never going to believe us, but we're going to win the Cup!" There was little disorder. An army of hobbles, some of them imported from London, many with police dogs on leash, patrolled the streets.

The Old Trafford pitch, in contrast to the sand-laden, soggy field at Wembley, was grassy, beautifully manicured, dry and fast. Since Leeds United was known to be a faster team than Chelsea and enjoyed a clear edge in individual matchups, the fast field seemed to favor the Yorkshire team.

Time and again they swept downfield, passing the ball cleanly and opening holes in the Chelsea defense. Only the acrobatics of Peter Bonetti, the excellent Chelsea goalie, kept his team alive. But late in the first half he went up to bat a ball away and was banged heavily into the goalpost by a shoulder block from Mick Jones, a Leeds man in pursuit of the ball. Bonetti lay in the goal for almost 10 minutes and got up limping from a badly bruised left knee.

A few minutes later Leeds scored the first goal of the game when Allan Clarke, a quick forward, made a swerving run through the heart of the Chelsea de-

fenses, looking much like a good American halfback in a broken field. He avoided three skidding tackles, then tapped the ball ahead to Jones, who lashed it into the net, high and to the right of Bonetti.

("If I had been fit, I could have got it," Bonetti said later. "I got my fingers on it, but I just couldn't jump off the bad leg.")

Given the clean superiority of Leeds at this point, the goal seemed enough. But then, with only 12 minutes left, Chelsea rallied. Forward Charlie Cooke produced a run of his own and, at the end of it, lofted a gentle pop fly of a kick into the mouth of the Leeds goal where teammate Peter Osgood soared high into the air, nodded briskly, and headed the ball into the net.

That tied the score and changed the feeling of the game. For the rest of the regular time and during extra time, it was Chelsea attacking over and over, Leeds defending desperately. It suddenly became an ill-tempered game in which players twice were knocked flat by what would be called clips in American football, and several times tempers flared to the edge of violence. The Leeds club, perhaps breathing the familiar stench of defeat, became vicious.

But Chelsea won anyway. The winning goal came from the strength of Ian Hutchinson passing the ball in from the sidelines. He is the best in football at this move; this time he threw the ball roughly the length of a basketball court, hanging it up in front of the Leeds goal. Leeds' Jack Charlton, who is on the England World Cup team, tried to head it away, but the ball earned off the back of his head to David Webb of Chelsea, who patted it in with his forehead for the score.

The victory unleashed pandemonium back in Chelsea, where traffic stopped, pubs emptied into the street and housewives kissed the bobbies who tried, ineffectually, to clear King's Road so cars could move. The Chelsea fans in Manchester climbed happily back aboard their trains, many of them with three or four bottles of beer tucked into their waistbands, some with the large red beer cans holding six pints each.

They had changed their song now. As the trains pulled away, headed for London, they were chanting, to the tune of *Summer in the Dell*, "Eee eye addio, We have won the Cup!"

END

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**CHEVROLET**



# THE MERCHANT

*Sam Cummings deals in firepower. He is a good man to know if you are a gun fancier or a hunter who wants to buy a weapon like the German Luger he is aiming across these pages or one of the tens of thousands of sporting rifles he sells in America each year. But—with several warehouses full of rifles, mortars and machine guns—he is also a good man to know if you want to start a war*

# OF MENACE

by Edwin Shreake



CONTINUED

The telephone rang on the desk of Sam Cummings in Alexandria, Va. "Yes, this is Colonel Saito," Cummings said into the mouthpiece, his eyebrows rising and plunging with satisfaction. "I have a bit of advice for you, dear chap. Stop sending coded messages to the director after you've been drinking at lunch. The one that said 'They're closing in on me, I can't hold out much longer' all but finished your career." Cummings chuckled, then chatted a moment more and hung up the phone, still smiling.

"That was a friend in the State Department," he said. "He's among the few over there who know Saito was the Japanese colonel in *The Bridge On the River Kwai*. Too bad all governments don't have more people who appreciate a joke. There's so much to laugh at."

Cummings, who gives the appearance of being amused an uncommon amount of the time, may greet visitors to his office by crying, "Welcome to the devil's smuthy!" or may glance at an enormous oil painting of the Battle of Austerlitz behind his desk and say gleefully, "Don't think this reflects my Freudian dreams of conquest. It merely covers a hole in the wall." Once in Monaco he sent a postcard to an associate in the United States, urging the defeat of proposed gun legislation so I CAN CONTINUE MY LUXURIOUS LIFE ON THE RIVIERA WITHOUT WORRY. He is liable to sign such communications with names like Strangelove, Rasputin or The Virginia Knave. In Cummings' trade, this kind of behavior is not thought of as unusual.

The trade that permits Sam Cummings these macabre flights of imagination is artifice. In an old, quiet neighborhood in Alexandria, where the cobblestone streets go down to the Potomac River, Cummings runs the largest private independent weapons dealership in the world, a firm called Interarms. As president and proprietor, he controls 10 Interarms warehouses in Alexandria that feature triple-locked doors and alarms wired directly to police headquarters. At one time these warehouses contained enough rifles, pistols and machine guns to outfit 40 infantry divisions, or more combat soldiers than the United States had in the field in Korea or Vietnam at any one time.

Although Cummings' operation has

a distinctly military feel about it, Interarms enjoys a brisk civilian trade. Until passage of the 1968 gun-control law—which controls guns chiefly by making them more expensive—Cummings had sold more rifles to American sportsmen and collectors than most of the large domestic manufacturers. Practically every one of these rifles was a military weapon that Interarms bought as surplus from one country or another and sold in the United States by mail order or through chain stores and small dealers. (One of these was *not* the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle, serial no. C2766, purchased by Lee Harvey Oswald in 1963.)

Since it is now forbidden to import military surplus, and now that peddling guns by mail order is restricted, Cummings' livelihood, or at least its civilian side, might seem in jeopardy. But Cummings has enough surplus arms stored in Alexandria to supply his customers until he can add to his cache with the purchase of the new, commercial foreign sporting guns that have started reaching the market.

Cummings is amused by what he sees as the irony of gun legislation. "It does nothing to prevent crime," he says. "It is purely commercial in intent, aimed at putting me out of business. When the law was passed, there was a wild dance of corporate joy in New England, where most American guns are made, Olin Mathieson, which owns Winchester, and Du Pont, which owns Remington, have been leaning on me for 15 years, trying to remove me from the action, because my guns are cheaper than theirs."

"But they passed the law too late!" Cummings says, laughing again, as if the joke were getting richer. "Senator Dodd missed the boat! My import business would have ended by 1975 anyway, because the grand old bolt-action military rifles have been phased out in favor of automatic weapons that were already illegal and are not practical for sportsmen. I'm still one of the country's leading sellers of big-bore rifle ammunition. But when anybody calls and asks for military weapons after my warehouse stocks run out, I'll play them a recording of a Texas jackass braying, and then I'll ring off." He laughs again.

Many of Sam Cummings' weapons-dealing colleagues are characterized by

such peculiar notions of humor, as was the one who sent out Christmas cards bearing a photograph of himself beating plowshares into swords. Levity, in the arms trade, is the soul of commerce.

"There is an Arab proverb that the three eternalists are God, human folly and laughter," said Cummings. "The first two are incomprehensible. One must make what he can out of the third. In my profession I see boundless human folly. This 50-year arms race, this constant undeclared war, is the greatest folly in the history of man. Every nation demands the newest arms for its survival, and every beloved leader of the people needs them for his own protection. Civilization has been and always will be: 'Open fire! Let 'em have it before they get us!' The arms business is idiocy, it's lunacy without bottom, but it will last as long as man, however long that may be. The world will never disarm. So what should I do but laugh?"

Although the 400,000 or so weapons in the Alexandria warehouses (another 200,000 repose in a warehouse near London) represent an impressive piece of firepower, and though Cummings himself is the largest independent arms dealer in the world, he gets only a tiny piece of the international weapons trade by volume. Ninety-nine percent of this trade is done by the world's major powers—with our own Pentagon at the top of the list. Still, he has been involved in nearly every major private arms transaction outside the Soviet bloc in the last 17 years and has made himself a personal fortune of millions of dollars.

"This is marvelous Russian stuff," he says, reaching into an open crate in one of his warehouses and plucking out a box of 7.62-mm. rifle ammunition labeled with Cyrillic writing, purchased from leftover stores of the Spanish Civil War and the Russo-Finnish war of 1939. "We repack this sinister Slav ammunition into friendly-looking American boxes so some Southern Senator won't complain that the Russians have penetrated his state, and we then sell tons of it to Americans for plinking things. There are more than three billion rounds of ammunition sold in the United States every year, mostly .22 long rifle and shotgun shells. That's 15 rounds apiece for every man, woman and child. Hard to believe, isn't it?"



In his book, *The War Business*, George Thayer has estimated that there are now enough rifles and pistols in the world for each adult male to own at least one in excellent operating order, and millions more are yearly being manufactured. Building firearms became big business, says Thayer, when the Napoleonic era turned wars into democratic catastrophes fought with armies of vast numbers of citizens, rather than comparatively small numbers of professional soldiers. The Industrial Revolution used its mass-production techniques to furnish guns for these huge armies. Today there are more than 130 nations, all armed: all seeking newer and better weapons, no longer content to rely on a faithful old standard rifle like the 1903 Springfield, which had a military life in the U.S. of 33 years and could have served another century if the killing and maiming market were not so competitive. The Garand M-1 of World War II and the Korean War endured 21 years before the Army switched to the M-14 and six years later to the M-16, which will soon depart for a new, costlier model.

In the past 25 years—within the lifetimes of more than half the American people—there have been about 60 conflicts of sufficient scope to receive international attention. According to official estimates, non-Communist countries have sold or given away \$65 bil-

lion worth of military arms and equipment in that period. The U.S. has contributed about \$50 billion. The U.S.S.R. and Red China have spent about \$10 billion to provide high-velocity muscle for non-Communist nations. Once these weapons have been used for a while, they are discarded like last season's gowns and are replaced by more fashionable models hustled by salesmen from dominant governments. The old guns, perfectly sound and deadly, are bought at low prices by international brokers like Sam Cummings and are sold in turn to poorer countries eager to improve their firepower but unable to afford these weapons at original prices.

The stupendous profits involved in this business have attracted some remarkable characters—notably Sir Basil Zaharoff, who for years represented the Vickers-Maxim machine gun monopoly that started wars to create new markets, and Francis Bannerman of New York City, a "Christian soldier" who purchased surplus guns from the American Civil War and Spanish-American War and sold them in Latin America. Zaharoff and Bannerman became wealthy, but not all independent arms brokers have fared so well. During the Algerian War of Independence against France a decade ago, the Arab countries pooled millions of dollars to buy arms for the rebels from

independent brokers. Unfortunately, a French terrorist group with the fanciful name of The Red Hand tried to discourage the brokers from dealing with the enemies of France by allegedly planting bombs in their cars. Several brokers during that period heard quite a noise when they stepped on the gas pedals of their Mercedes-Benzes.

The image of this type of broker—a slick fellow with greased hair, diamond rings, padded suits and a bodyguard in mirrored dark glasses—does not come close to fitting Sam Cummings. "Those chaps are small potatoes," he says. "There are still some of them around, but they don't do a lot of business." Cummings, a pleasant man of 43 who dresses in dark, modest suits, keeps his hair neatly trimmed, travels tourist class and rides the bus to the airport, might easily pass for a malevolently cheerful fraternity rush captain who still, 25 years later, must be watched on Halloween.

He drives an Opel and leaves the limousines to his employees and agents, whose ranks include former diplomats, relatives of presidents and princes, ex-generals and ministers, a staff which provides him with a large and efficient intelligence network. Cummings does not drink or curse, and he abhors smoking because "it leads to sudden death." He has no bodyguard and does not carry a gun, although he used to roam *casualty*

## A CUMMINGS SAMPLER

During hearings before Senator Thomas Dodd's Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency in 1965, Arms Merchant Sam Cummings offered lengthy testimony on the activities of his company and his views on gun legislation then being considered by the Dodd group. The record of his appearance, which runs to more than 12,000 words, is interesting for the light it sheds on Cummings the man and social observer. Some samples:

### ON THE AMERICAN LOVE AFFAIR WITH GUNS:

"Americans may like guns because they were reminiscent of the smell of outdoors, military heroism, the intensity of the hunt or merely because

they are fascinated by the finely machined metal parts. Maybe the origin of a gun speaks of history: maybe the gun makes a man's home seem to him less vulnerable; maybe these feelings are more justified in the country than in the city; but, above all, many of us believe that these feelings are a man's own business . . ."

### ON HIS SOCIAL MISSION:

"For 12 years we have run a tight and honest business which has brought many hundreds of thousands of new adherents to outdoor sports. Partly because of business competition and partly because of the bad name developed by the fringe trade in surplus weapons, we have found

ourselves under constant direct and indirect attack in the press, in Congress and, sometimes, in the attitudes of Federal officials who closely regulate our business and are naturally sensitive to Congress and the press."

### ON GUN STATISTICS:

"... There are interesting statistics in Europe regarding crime versus weapon requirements of governments. In England, for instance, where you have very stringent weapon laws, you have at the present time an ever-increasing rate of crime with weapons. In Switzerland, where you have, for all intents and purposes, no firearm laws, and where in fact every male citizen must by law have a military ri-

fle and/or machine pistol and/or machine gun in his house, there is practically no crime with weapons. Statistics are an interesting subject, because one can read them up or one can read them down."

Cummings' testimony closed with the following colloquy between Cummings and Dodd: **DODD:** You got rid of your [bazookas] after the incident in the United Nations, did you not? **CUMMINGS:** I think that we have bazookas in stock at the present moment. That is an export item with us **DODD:** And mortars? **CUMMINGS:** Mortars we always have in stock. **DODD:** It must be quite a place over there.

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## MERCHANT

the earth with an Armalite AR-10 assault rifle dismantled and packed in a Fiberglas attaché case. He would assemble the rifle to demonstrate it for clients. His favorite method was to fill tin cans with gasoline and shoot them with tracers. "Did you ever see a tracer bullet hit a bean car, full of petrol?" he once asked. "It's better than a John Wayne movie. The clients always gasp, and I ride into the sunset leaving the firing range a smoldering ruin."

He is a good enough shot to do his own demonstrating, but he does not consider himself a sportsman or a fan of sport. "I no more care who wins the World Series than who was between Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola," he says. "I'm bored by target shooting, and I'm not fond of hunting. I dislike killing. It's no great thrill to bat over a charging jackrabbit. My idea of fun is to shoot at wood chips on a fast-moving stream with an automatic rifle. There's plenty of flash and blast, splinters fly and nobody gets hurt."

Cummings was born into a Philadelphia Main Line family that made its fortune selling bottled mineral water. His father went broke on Wall Street, and then died when Cummings was 8. His mother worked for a real-estate firm to send little Sam to Episcopal Academy, an exclusive school whose Latin motto—*Esse Quam Videri* ("To be, rather than to seem to be")—is the slogan of Interarms. As a boy, Cummings discovered an old, rusted Maxim machine gun in the trash behind an American Legion post near his home. He dragged the gun away, and his future was fashioned. "Some people have tried to read Freudian symbolism into that—fatherless child, playing with machine gun—and maybe they're right," he says. "But Freud himself said sometimes a cigar is only a cigar. I think I was fascinated by the intricate machinery of the gun. It took me two years to figure out how to work it, but by age 10 I was the only Maxim machine gun expert in my entire neighborhood."

Drafted into the Army shortly after the end of World War II, Cummings became, appropriately, a weapons instructor at Camp (now Fort) Lee, Va. He was discharged as a sergeant and enrolled at George Washington University, where he supplemented his GI Bill in-

come by buying antique guns and selling them to other students. One day he found thousands of German helmets in a junkyard in Richmond, bought them for 50¢ each and sold them for \$4 to a museum curator who later resold them at a profit to Hollywood producers caught up in the World War II movie mania. In 1948 Cummings spent a term at Oxford. On a trip to France he was astounded by the thousands of tanks and weapons rusting in fields and along roadsides. "There was so much stuff lying around—cartridge belts still in the machine guns, the tanks ready to drive off with a battery recharge—and the French were afraid to touch them because of booby traps. With what was abandoned there, you could have reorganized an army and captured France again," he says.

Cummings returned to the U.S., graduated from college in 1949, and, during the Korean War, went to work as a weapons expert for the Central Intelligence Agency—an affiliation that many people, including the late columnist Drew Pearson, have insisted Cummings has not discontinued. After a year and a half Cummings supposedly resigned from the CIA to become a weapons agent for a company called Western Arms Corporation. Then in 1953 he started his own business by registering with the State Department and Treasury Department as an arms dealer (there are now some 140,000 such registered dealers) and writing letters to officials of dozens of governments to inquire about surplus weapons. With his savings of \$25,000 he bought 7,000 small arms from Panama, sold them at a profit and became the real item, an authentic, independent merchant of death.

By now, though, there was a market that had not existed for Cummings' predecessors, and he was the first to realize it. All fine bolt-action sporting rifles are based on the Mauser and its imitators, and there were hundreds of thousands of these guns available that were, as Cummings has been quoted as saying, "so fresh that Hitler's fingerprints were still on them." He began to purchase high-quality foreign infantry rifles, remodel them as sporting rifles and sell them in the U.S. as hunting or target arms or as souvenirs. "People would buy a cheap gun from me and then even-

continued

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## VERY CURRENT VERY CURLIEE



\*Slightly higher in the West.

**MERCHANT** continued

usually buy an expensive model from Remington or Winchester, the way a camera buff works up from a Brownie to a Leica," he said, adding that the big corporations were "too arrogant" to get into the surplus trade.

In 1954, at the age of 27, Cummings obtained a permit from Washington to sell guns to the Guatemalan government of President Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán, a foe of U.S. corporations in his own country. Guzmán bought some 10,000 Sten guns from Interarms. Following that, Interarms sold guns to Honduras, Nicaragua and El Salvador, Guzmán's neighbors. An army of Guatemalan exiles living in Nicaragua overthrew Guzmán with what is generally conceded to be massive help from the CIA and partial help from Interarms. Cummings was nowhere near through doing business in Guatemala. He bought about 80,000 surplus Guatemalan weapons—including an old Hotchkiss mountain cannon that sits in his office in Virginia—to sell through his mail-order house. Finally, to reequip the Guatemalan army on the U.S. 30-caliber system, Cummings purchased Garand M-1s that had been lend-leased to England by the U.S. and resold some to Guatemala and Haiti, with the majority going to Indonesia.

Cummings had frequent deals with Cuban Dictator Fulgencio Batista and with Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. Trujillo outfitted his bodyguards with silver-plated rifles. "Trujillo was a saint, a true saint," says Cummings, laughing. "Batista? A saint of a man with the face of an angel. Dictators—usually we prefer to call them Presidents—are very security-conscious. They're lovely to do business with. They'll buy all the new weapons they can get their hands on, and they pay in cash. They love to have parades down the main boulevard to show off their strength, and they always keep bodyguards standing around with automatic weapons. But in the end they inevitably get it."

After Batista was ousted in 1959, Cummings continued to sell Armalite rifles to Castro until the State Department at last refused a license. There is a story—Cummings says it has "more than a few grains of truth"—that he was demonstrating the Armalite to Trujillo when a band of Cuban riders landed in the

*continued*

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Dominican Republic and were shot up on the beaches by the 26 Swedish Vampire jets Trujillo had already bought from Interarms. Hungarian-born General Kovacs, of Trujillo's staff, entered the dictator's office with an Arrasalt captured from the Cubans. "Did you sell these guns to Castro?" Trujillo asked. Cummings admitted he had, but explained hastily that "I wouldn't tell him to use them against you."

Not all of Cummings' deals are successful. In 1959 he bought 999 Lahti 20-mm. antitank guns from Finland. The exceptionally accurate weapons had been used by the Finns in 1939-40 to shoot at the firing slits of Russian pillboxes. Whimsical magazine ads for the antitank guns said "Why be undergunned?" Cummings sold some of the guns to a whaling cooperative in Alaska for whale potting. An Arizona dentist bought one to defend himself against varmints. "Another chap out West bought one for gopher hunting," says Cummings. "The little gopher would pop out of his hole, and from 500 yards away—whammed! You can't outrun a 20-mm. shell or catch it in your teeth." Unfortunately for Interarms, one of the guns was used to shoot a hole in the door of a Brexels safe. "This created an aura of misunderstanding, and I finally had to take the guns off the market," Cummings says. "Most of these were donated to museums, but I'm still stuck with 400 of them. They do make a princely gift for visiting generals. It's a gift that can't be refused, like a monkey belly clock or a photo of a rich relative. But I'm afraid these guns are mackerels in the moonlight; they shine but they stink. They have no conceivable military use."

Cummings also bought 50,000 German hand grenades from Denmark with, he says, the idea of repackaging the high explosive in them into quarter-pound blocks for commercial sale in the U.S. But Alexandria city officials became alarmed at the thought of having so many high explosives around a residential area, and so the grenades were loaded into two railroad cars that Cummings kept moving around while he sought to convince the officials that he knew what he was doing. One of his educational tools was a box of red and yellow practice grenades, which he planned to lob on the docks for the edification of the officials.

*continued*

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"I knew some grenades had firecrackers in them, and some were total duds, and naturally I figured the red ones would have the firecrackers," Cummings says. "So I yanked the pin on a yellow one, and it began to spew and sputter. The officials started yelling and fell facedown in the muddy, gritty street. Then the grenade made a little pop! And there I was standing up, wondering what those Germans had pulled on me. Several Alexandria city officials were lying in the mud in their good suits. It was awfully funny, but I had to dump those 50,000 grenades in the ocean, and that tempered the humor of it somewhat."

Cummings is fascinated by the bizarre. One rainy noon recently he was having lunch at a restaurant near the offices of EXCOA (Explosives Corporation of America) in the hamlet of Issaquah, a few miles from Seattle. Cummings had ordered a hearts-of-lettuce salad with Roquefort and a chopped steak well done—two dishes he says he cannot get

in satisfactory quality in Europe, where he lives. He mentioned that he also misses American hot dogs. Hearing this, an EXCOA executive spoke up. "Sam, you wouldn't like our hot dogs anymore. They're mostly chicken fat now. They grind up the chicken claws and anything else that's handy and dump it all in there."

"Chicken claws in the hot dogs?" Cummings asked, looking immensely pleased at the idea. "Marvelous! What else has happened?"

"The canned hams are nothing but fat and water."

Cummings shook his head in sympathy, but this did not interest him half so much as chicken claws in the hot dogs. Thinking about it, he was reminded of a restaurant in Macao where the *spécialité de la maison* is warm monkey hearts fresh from the skull. He described how the live monkey is strapped to a pole under the table, with its head sticking through a hole in the center, and

the waiter opens the skull with a cleaver. From there the conversation progressed to dining on squids, eels and beef hearts, and then to the old Comanche banquet of hot horse brains and buffalo intestines. Michel Maes, the young president of EXCOA, who looks like a graduate chemistry student but instead is peddling a product that could change the appearance of this country, had been listening with a sort of subdued horror. He put down his fork and said, "One thing I could never bring myself to eat is squab."

"Squab?" said Cummings. "You don't mean squab, man! Of course you would eat a squab!"

"I would?" Maes said.  
"What you're thinking of is moles," said Cummings. "You'd be surprised how many people have a distaste toward eating moles. But a fat, tasty mole is a wonderful treat. Hard to dig out of the ground, these little fellows, but certainly worth the effort."

continued

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If you don't believe us and if you doubt the authenticity of ancient frescoes reproduced above, splash a little Bacchus on yourself. Then go out and conquer your own empire.

## BACCHUS

After-shave.

### THE CONQUEROR.

Cummings rocked with laughter. The EXCOA executives also laughed, but in a rather baffled way. When lunch was finished they escorted Cummings back to their office to show him a film of their new product. Until recently, EXCOA shared a two-story concrete block building in Issaquah with a real-estate agency and the office of the Pine Lake United Presbyterian Church. Perhaps understandably, the agency and church office moved out last month. Once the new product catches on, as it no doubt will, EXCOA can afford vaster quarters. The present location is handy because around the building are green fields, farmlands, mountains and forests, and EXCOA needs a lot of room.

EXCOA is a subsidiary of the Rocket Research Corporation in Redmond, Wash. For years Rocket Research Corporation scientists tried to develop a superior rocket fuel, but their rockets kept blowing up. It finally occurred to one of their heavy thinkers that what they had invented was not a superior rocket fuel but a new explosive. They called it Astrolite, a name thought up by their advertising man. It is a nearly odorless and colorless liquid that comes in a bottle about the size of a quart of beer and is more powerful than TNT. You can pour it over what you want to blow up. You will soon be able to buy a six-pack of Astrolite for less than \$30 and outscore your enemies.

Astrolite is being used in Vietnam on an experimental basis. Excitedly, Maes explained a few of its military functions. To blow up a railroad you simply pour Astrolite along the track and set it off with a 20-mm high-explosive round. Astrolite can be pumped by hoses into Viet Cong tunnels. It has what is called, in the jargon of military technology, "ground soak capability," which means that when dumped on the ground it becomes an undetectable molefield that will maintain its potency for about a week and may be detonated by a blasting cap, an electrical field or any conventional method. It can be added to napalm bombs to expand the scattering range of the flaming jelly. "Napalm is a dirty word to some people, but to us it's just a product," said Maes.

"What nonsense!" laughed Cummings. "I can picture it now. Astrolite in every home! Everybody in the Mid-

dle East will have a dozen bottles of it. Crazy potentates will line up behind our order pads begging, 'Give us more of that wonderful stuff, effendi.' It will be mixed into cocktails to serve diplomats at peace conferences. It will be made into chocolate Popacles that are detonated by the friction of the tongue. Oh, the world will have a thousand uses for it."

EXCOA is now negotiating with Interarms and Cummings over rights to sell Astrolite everywhere except Australia and New Zealand and the continental U.S., which is EXCOA's own territory. Sam Cummings doesn't behave like an ordinary salesman, but Maes doggedly continued with his pitch. He showed a color film of Astrolite explosions. In one sequence an armored personnel carrier was smashed into shards of tin. Maes admitted they had used an extraordinary amount of explosive, 70 pounds, for that sequence. "But we don't often get a 40,000-pound vehicle to play with," he said.

Then they were ready for the live demonstration. They drove through the fog and mud into the forest on top of Cougar Mountain. Up there were several silver trailers parked in the mud. The trailers are portable laboratories where Astrolite is manufactured. The process must be fairly simple, and EXCOA tries to keep it secret.

As the autos pulled into a dripping clearing and stopped, out stepped three men wearing green fatigue clothes, combat boots, field jackets and green berets. "Aha! Three Green Berets! They lend this project an air of fake authenticity," said Cummings. He got out of the car and was introduced to them. "Why, they really are Green Berets," Cummings said, delighted. "I've been dealing in panache for so long I don't recognize the real thing when I see it." Cummings used to dress his warehouse employees in assorted uniforms—Africa Korps, British Royal Navy, etc., depending on what weapon was being pushed at the time—but he has quit, because, he says, "Uniforms are deplorable now. Don't have the style they used to have."

Except for the Green Berets, who were contemptuous of the mud and sloshed along in their shiny boots, the members of the party wrapped their feet in plastic bags and tromped off to a log bun-

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ker for the demonstration. One observer in civilian clothes, aroused by the jungle look of the place, lifted an imaginary M-16 to his shoulder and aimed at the wet ferns. "Looks just like this over there in Nam! Charlie jumps out of the bush! Bum-bam-bum-bam!" The three Green Berets grinned. "And we flee in terror," said Cummings, "without waiting to learn that all they want to do is sell us their weapons."

The point of this demonstration was to prove that a soldier will be able to dig himself a foxhole very quickly with one bottle of Astrolite. Cummings was requested to set off the first explosion. He pushed a button on a small red box, the bunker shuddered and clouds clattered down on the roof. "I miss those good old detonators with the big handles," Cummings said. For an hour or so, Astrolite blasted holes in the soggy earth. Each hole had to be inspected, its rim poked with a toe. A smell like ammonia drifted up from the crater. One of

the Green Berets had an inspiration. "This would be terrific for interrogation," he said. "You get two VCs together and give one of them a swig of Astrolite. When the other sees what happens, he'll tell you everything he ever knew in his life."

"I wonder if that would be an improvement over throwing them out of helicopters," mused Cummings.

On the way out of the clearing, Cummings stopped at the twisted frame of an auto that had been demolished by Astrolite. "One of the truly wonderful things about America is there are always plenty of good-looking cars to blow to bits," he said. He posed with the wreckage, saying, "I'll write my own caption: 'The life of Sam Cummings is not without its hazards. Here, looking dazed, which is not difficult for him, he examines the remains of his new car after friendly rivals have finished with it.' Call it ANOTHER ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE."

Later, after two private conferences

with EXCOA executives Cummings had not made up his mind what to do about the offer to sell Astrolite. "I'm not really sure our Government wants every peasant in the world to be trotting around with bottles of this," he said, grinning at the potential for chaos and carnage. Cummings swears that he always cooperates with the State Department and the British Foreign Office, and that he is an agent of policy rather than a maker of it, although there are often frustrating delays while he strives to learn which clients are currently good guys and which are bad.

This does not mean that he agrees with Government policy. "In 1963 the State Department asked what I thought about the Vietnam War, and I told them it was an enterprise for lunatics. I've dealt with the Vietnamese and other Asian countries for years, and I said we would lose tens of thousands of lives at tremendous financial price, and for what? They said I wasn't a good American

*continued*

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## MERCHANT continued

for believing that way. But one reason I keep my U.S. citizenship despite the cost in taxes is so I can tell anybody off as a real American boy," he said.

At one Senate hearing Cummings startled the otherwise well-insulated committee by testifying that American military weapons are inferior and that, as an example, the M-1 carbine used in World War II was "a dog." A clerk leaped up from the table and yelled, "He's right! He's right! I was at the Battle of the Bulge, and I shot a German six times with a carbine and he was still able to shoot me." In his Virginia office not long ago Cummings showed visitors the difference in quality between the M-16 rifle used by U.S. forces in Vietnam and the Kalashnikov assault rifle used by the North Vietnamese. The latter is a substantial weapon with a chrome-plated barrel that doesn't need cleaning and will not wear out. The M-16 looks and feels like something purchased in a drugstore toy department but costs twice as much as the Russian model.

"Our Government has had to put out a directive to prevent our troops from throwing away their rifles and using captured weapons, but if I were a soldier over there I would do it anyway," said Cummings. "This is in the tradition of the American military. Why did Custer go to the Little Big Horn with single-shot breech-loading rifles when the Indians had repeating Winchesters? Our enemies always have better weapons. NATO has at least eight different infantry rifles with ammunition that is not interchangeable. But the Russians have turned out 15 million of these Kalashnikovs for the Warsaw Pact countries. What we should do is make our own version of the Kalashnikov to accommodate ammunition one millimeter longer. Then we can use their cartridges but they can't use ours. But this makes too much sense. Since 1936 the best military handgun has been the Walther P-38, and the American Army just now is starting to test it."

Cummings gazed affectionately at his personal Kalashnikov, manufactured in Finland and stamped No. 1. "When the final truce is signed in Vietnam the North Vietnamese will keep these beautiful guns for themselves," he said. "And they'll sell their captured American guns. Well, that's business."

Cummings was winding up his first continued



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## MARCHENET

trip to the United States in three years and was eager to get back to his family. When in this country he stays in a spare room in his mother's apartment in Washington. He owns a flat in London, a lodge above Lake Geneva in the Swiss Alps and a 14-room apartment in Monte Carlo with a view of the harbor and the palace swimming pool. He moved to Monaco for business, climate and tax advantages, the last of which have largely disappeared. He is married to his second wife, and they have 8-year-old twin daughters. More frequent visits to the U.S. will be required now that Cummings is in the process of changing his commercial posture in this market. Through a factory he owns in England, he manufactures a line of fine, expensive sporting weapons, and he represents Walther and Mauser at the United States.

"My gigantic competitors think they have shrunk my tiger's roar into a tin can's howl," he said, laughing again.

But there is a small cloud on their horizons. "He fitted a gleaming new Mauser Mark XX bolt-action rifle manufactured in Yugoslavia by the huge armaments firm of Zastava, which also makes a Yugoslavian version of the Kalashnikov. Cummins is beginning to import these Mausers into the U.S. in quantity. "Give me two years, just two more years with these, and the big boys will know I'm back in business."

He is still very much in the military-weapons business, however. This year Cummings intends to buy 2,000 M-47 tanks that are to become NATO surplus and he will stock up on obsolete Nike Ajax missiles for licensed sale to Interarms customers around the world.

"Once I had a wonderful idea," he said wistfully. "I was going to buy a huge ocean liner and load it up with all kinds of guns, bombs, tanks, ammunition, airplanes, explosives, everything the leader of a country dreams of. I was going to cruise my liner up and down the coasts of Central and South America, and maybe Africa, doing business. A floating arsenal that stops by on regular calls like your neighborhood ice-cream wagon. I was really excited about this idea until it occurred to me what was wrong: ah ah! Somebody had already invented the torpedo."

END

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Map out your leisure where it will do you the most good. Then go to it and be there from now on!

For more information write today.



Beech Aircraft Corporation  
9759 E. Central, Wichita, Kansas 67201

# A Bucking Bronc That Was Not Known To Quit

**Big, black and powerful, the horse they called Steamboat because of his whistling wheeze never forgot the quirling he got as a colt and never let anyone stay long in his saddle by NORMAN WILTSEY**

Sooner or later, over six-shooter coffee or a six-pack of beer after the night's show is done on the rodeo trail, the argument will start again: which was the greatest bucking horse of all time? And except for a few stubborn hold-outs who may still insist that a bronc named Midnight deserves the title, the consensus of any informal meeting of oldtimers will award it to Steamboat.

Steamboat was foaled in 1894 on the Foss Ranch in Wyoming and from the start made it perfectly clear that he was not destined to become a cow pony. Owner Frank Foss' 6-year-old son could lead the rawboned black colt around on a string, but no two husky ranch hands could ever hold him long enough to cinch a saddle on his back. Finally, in 1898, Foss decided that Steamboat could never be broken to the saddle, and after the horse had busted up a couple of good men he sold him to the Swan Land & Cattle Company, a big outfit running the Two Bar brand.

Promptly Steamboat hooked up in a spectacular go-round with the top Two Bar bronc buster. The cowboy rode him—momentarily—but became so enraged at the big black's furious bucking that he belted the horse brutally across the nose with the loaded butt of his coat. That blow unwittingly created a legend of the West. Always thereafter, due to some undiagnosed and untreated obstruction of his breathing apparatus caused by the injury, the maltreated horse whistled like a riverboat whenever he went into action. In time he became known from the Rio Grande to the Canadian Rockies as "Steamboat—the whistlin' boss."

To Sam Moore, the Two Bar foreman, any bronc that wouldn't make a good cutting horse was just so much dog meat clattering up the corral. Sam was glad, therefore, when soon after the quirling incident his boss sold Steamboat to John Coble of Bosler, Wyo. Coble, a keen horseman, recognized Steamboat for what he was and entered him in one of the early Cheyenne Frontier Days rodeos. The big bronc easily won first-prize money of \$50 and was off on his fabulous career.

Modern rodeo rules make it difficult to compare bronc riding of today with that of 1900. At that time there was no 10-second rule and the rider stayed up until he tamed his bronc or the bronc tamed him. Virtually everyone who dared ride Steamboat was thrown or gave up, since the fiery black was never known to quit in all his 15 years of competition. Even gelding failed to slow him down in the arena.

There was a portion of him in Steamboat and a lot of sportsmanship. He used to save all his energy until the blindfold was jerked off his face—there were no chutes then—and he never attempted to attack a thrown rider. Steamboat's style was unique. Rodeo buff Jack Bowers, now 80, describes it thus:

"I've seen 'em all for 65 years and I never saw a buckin' hoss so top Steamboat. First off, he was big and powerful—1,100 pounds—and tireless. Fact is, he was the closest thing to perpetual motion that ever wore hair. He'd start to squat when they threw the saddle on him and by the time the bronc buster was set in the stirrups Steamboat's belly'd be almost touchin' the arena dust.

Then, the second they'd jerk that blindfold he'd explode! He'd bust out to the middle of the arena as if he wanted the stage all to himself and he'd put on the damndest exhibition of sunfishing and windmilling I ever seen. His best trick was to swap ends between jumps and come down ker-slim on four ramrod legs. His head and forelegs would be twisted one way and his rump and hind legs another. When he was goin' all out, he seemed to be on a great big invisible pogo stick. Few men could stand that kind of battering without bleeding from the nose, and most became nauseated as well. Sometimes, no matter how tight a rider laced his buckin' corset, he'd wind up with broken ribs. Bronc riders are harder'n scrap iron, but ol' Steamboat put some of the toughest into the hospital for repairs."

From 1900 to 1908, at the height of Steamboat's career, only two men managed to stay aboard the big black for more than a few seconds apiece. One of them, Frank Stone, stayed up for 10 seconds in 1904 by pulling leather before being thrown hard. Frank later admitted that he had blacked out after the first few jumps and didn't remember a thing until he woke up on a blanket behind the stands. Curiously, his layup was so affected by the ordeal that he couldn't speak above a whisper for a month.

None of Steamboat's many challengers fully rode him out until the Cheyenne show of 1908, although crack buster Guy Holt came close. In the 1908 Cheyenne event a muddy arena enabled Dick Stanley to ride the champion to a standstill. In those wacky circumstances Stanley did what no rider had ever done

enclined

before he spurred Steamboat and rode him out until he stopped bucking. Charley Irwin, then owner of the fiery black, offered Stanley \$200 if he could ride him on dry ground while "whipping and scratching him" and Stanley was back again in 1909 to defend his disputed title. "I'm here to ride the famous horse again and satisfy everybody that I'm the champion on any kind of footing," he stated.

But again, circumstances thwarted him. It was the custom of the times that the names of all horses be placed in a hat and that the riders draw for their mounts. Stanley failed to draw Steamboat, as any oddsmaker might have predicted, but the fact drew immediate fire from the press. A Denver newspaper charged foul play in a blunt headline: CHEAPTRICKERY MAKES FIZZLE OF CHEYENNE MEET. "Dick Stanley," it went on, was "jobbed out of riding for championship honors. Crowds yelled for Stanley and Steamboat."

The Wyoming Humane Society unwittingly added fuel to the blaze of criticism by ruling out the use of spurs in the 1909 meet and all subsequent meets. The ruling was rescinded two years later, but by 1910 Steamboat was over the hill, with or without spurring. After an especially poor exhibition that year, the local Cheyenne press lamented: "Good-bye to Old Steamboat... like the pitcher that went too often to the well, Old Steamboat has been broken. Ye-terday afternoon witnessed the passing of a desperate outlaw, considered by many to have been the greatest hucking horse that ever pitted his courage and cunning against the valor of a champion... he was 9 years a champion hucking horse."

In 1914, when the great gelding was 20 years old, he got fouled up in some loose harbed wire in a pasture at Fargo, N. Dak. Retained to Cheyenne, he contracted blood poisoning and had to be destroyed. Nobody could be induced

or hired to fire the lethal shot, so the persistent legend goes, until a convicted murderer named Tom Horn was brought forth from the Laramie County Jail to do the odious job. He was awaiting execution for killing a 14-year-old boy. It would be a good legend except for the fact that Tom Horn was hanged in 1903.

The circumstances surrounding Steamboat's death and burial remain unclear to this day. One story has it that his then owner, showman C. B. Irwin, after shedding copious tears, had the dead champion buried just inside the entrance to Frontier Park in Cheyenne. Jack Bowers, the old rodeo buff scotchs at this romantic tale. "Nonsense," he says. "Steamboat was shot by Arnold Rick. Then Arnold, Lee Gray, Charley Irwin's bullwhacker and a feller named Scotty Jack hauled off Steamboat's remains out to the city dump outside Cheyenne. Hell of a way for a champion buckin' hoss to end up, ain't it?"

Ain't it?

END

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After your tobacco smokes hot, switch to something cool. Try Greenbrier for a refreshing change. The zesty menthol flavor perks up your buds. The airtight sealed pouch keeps the tobacco fresh as the day it was packed. Get a free full-size pouch and see for yourself. Just send the coupon and an empty pouch of what you usually smoke. Whether you mix Greenbrier or smoke it straight you'll agree your pipe never had it so cool so mild.

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Gentlemen I'd like to smoke cooler for a change. Here is an empty pouch for a full size pouch of Greenbrier.

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Address

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State  Zip

Offer good in U.S.A. only, and expires December 31, 1970. Sorry, only one free pouch.



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"Big Tractor" ideas cut any lawn and garden job down to size. Ideas like plug-in attachments and a differential that adjusts to match pulling power to ground conditions. Ideas like an infinitely variable automatic transmission you operate with your foot. And Bolens engineers each Husky with all the know-how of 50 years' experience in producing compact tractors. It's your assurance of lasting quality. See all eight Huskys at your helpful Bolens dealer...7 to 14 hp...best of breed!



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Your hands never leave the steering wheel. Because one foot pedal controls forward, reverse, and dynamic braking... automatically. We call it a hydrostatic transmission. You'll call it great.



**BOLENS**

EXCISE, DIRECTLY, AND THROUGHOUT, FOR, WILLINGLY, WITHIN

# Is your advertising drowning in greasepaint?

Making television commercials is fun. You get to watch people running through meadows, and go hear swinging rock groups do your sound track, and throw around phrases like "four-frame cuts" and "rooscope" and "reverse iris wipe," and if you're really lucky, you even get to go on location in the sun!

Making print ads can sometimes be dull. You have to sit, and stare at a typewriter because the words don't sound right. You move the logo around until the client likes where it is, and then make it bigger. And you have to argue more because people

who don't know from reverse iris wipes always have opinions about words and pictures.

Dick Coffey, Promotion Director of TIME, recently fired off a memo to his agency which asked: "How come when we review a TV commercial there are always 15 people in the screening room, and when we're trying to close an ad it's just me and the poor damn print production guy?"

But the Dick Coffeys can't be excused, either. Square old chens, with cuffs on their pants and laces in their shoes, get that greasepaint in their veins, too. They go to the locations. They bask in the sun. They dig the scene.

All this leads us to just one question. Granted that TV is a potent advertising medium. But might not the lure of show biz


be clouding solid, basic advertising judgment?

Print advertising isn't necessarily fun. But print advertising works. Ask General Electric. Ask Sears. Ask Esso. Ask Clairol.

Then ask your agency to do a print campaign. No. Don't ask it. Order it. And give them hell if it isn't good.

And when it's good, run it. Instigated and paid for by TIME • LIFE • FORTUNE • SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to stimulate business.

Created and signed by Young & Rubicam, Inc., because we're afraid it's true.



If it's worth a second glance, it should be in magazines.



A roundup of the sports information  
of the week

**JIM HANEY**, a 15-year-old sophomore at Radford (Ohio) High, became the youngest player ever to win the individual title at the Hawaii State High School Golf Championship capturing the event this year with scores of 71



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## FAN BELTS

Sirs:

I would like to compliment Walter Bringham on his article *Take Me Out of the Ball Game* (April 27) on the rowdies at ball parks. What he said is all so true. Just recently I was at a Red Sox game. Orange peels were thrown on the field in addition to ripped-up papers. Some kids were sort of sitting around looking for trouble. They were distracting everybody else by throwing things at them. Matter of fact, at one point during the game the umpire had to call time due to orange peels on the field. It took a hit away from one player. We've always had rowdies at these games, and we probably always will, too, but unless some extremely strict action is taken, it seems likely to get worse before it gets better.

KEVIN BROWN

Minot, Mass.

Sirs:

Walter Bringham says, "Some effort is being made." But his article (accidentally or intentionally) doesn't mention what it is. The television corporations have been asked (by the commissioner) not to show the actions of the rowdies, such as throwing "pool balls" and writing obscene remarks on banners and flags. But what is being done to protect the players? The front office at Yankee Stadium has denied the request for a roof over the bullpen because the fans like to watch the pitcher warming up. But also the fans like to throw things at the pitchers.

This problem of rowdiness is not one which can be stopped only by the administrations. We as fans can help by controlling our emotions (and also our adrenal glands). I am a member of the NYSBUA (New York State Baseball Umpires Association), and I of all people know what it is like to receive both physical and verbal abuse. From the standpoint of the baseball official this abuse is not pleasant.

ANTHONY J. LIGONIS

Endicott, N.Y.

Sirs:

I take strong objection to one point Walter Bringham made in his article. While discussing (and quite rightly) the problems of people throwing cats, cups and bottles on fields he implies that the spontaneous celebration after the world champion Mets' "Impossible Dream" of 1969 was vandalism. I think that the author's point is way out of line.

First of all, how can the Mets' front office be upset by the loss of a home plate, bases, grass and wooden outfield walls when their fans spent millions of dollars for years to watch the Mets lose? Secondly, how can

Boskie Kuhn be upset by the "vandalism"? Baseball was known as the dying sport until the Mets' victory. It is quite a different story today. And what better way to depict the miracle than to show the Mets' long-suffering fans finally celebrating by tearing up the field where all the losses had taken place?

DON NYER

New York City

Sirs:

I suggest that Walter Bringham read William Leggett's *A Tannenberg Spring* but a *Long Season Ahead* (April 13). "Koonman took the elevator down and walked out onto the field to get some of the hallowed sod to take back to his friends." Either Mr. Bringham believes that the people in Minnesota are more deserving of the sod than the most loyal fans in baseball or that Jerry Koonman is a vandal!

TOD PATTISON

Klamath Falls, Ore.

## ORR ELSE

Sirs:

Bobby Orr (*Mr. O and the Soak of New York*, April 27) is certainly the most phenomenal hockey player of the new decade, but I think your readers are sophisticated enough to want to know the entire picture in the crucial fifth game of the playoffs the Rangers scored their two goals with Orr on the ice. On the first Rod Gilbert stole the puck from Orr behind the Boston net, and on the second there was a hole in the Boston defense because Orr had offensed himself out of the play. Boston rallied on two goals by Esposito to win the game and thus the series. The Bruins and Orr gave up some defense because of his style of play even though it was worth it for the vastly increased scoring power he gives them.

Magazine stories so often share a common fault: to make his point a writer marshals all the facts that support it and omits all those that point another way.

SILVA AUSTRIA

New York City

Sirs:

I read your article with more than passing interest for a couple of reasons, the first being that the Bruins last won the Stanley Cup in 1941 and the indignities that Boston teams have suffered over the last 29 years are too overwhelming to recall, and the second being that there is a growing suspicion among hockey fans in general and Bruin fans in particular that we are witnessing one of the greatest talents that any of us are likely to see. When Gordie Howe within earshot most hockey men will agree that Orr is the greatest hockey player who

ever lived. The feeling here is that a passably good argument can be made to justify the belief that Bobby is the greatest athlete who ever played any sport at any time. There is, of course, no answer to the question of who the athlete of all time is, but how many of us can remember anyone who has so thoroughly devastated a league of the caliber of the NHL at the age of 22? Ordinarily when people argue about who was the greatest baseball player or greatest President or greatest anything, the nominees have been so long dead that it is virtually impossible to separate the fact from the distortion. But the best part about Bobby Orr is that, like going to the carnival, you can see him "live and in person." It's fun to go to a Bruin game with a dilemma and say, "Watch Orr, he's the greatest ever," and then watch smugly as he plays his "troutinely magnificent" game.

If you think for a minute that I am overstating the case, go ask Billy Reay and "The Cat."

GILL THOMASIAN

Boston

## HARD BUY

Sirs:

Any hockey fan who has ever lived in one of the NHL's "old" (i.e., Eastern Division) cities knows how hard hockey tickets are to come by. The main reason for this is that the vast majority of seats are held by season ticketholders, many of whom are businessmen who use their tickets to entertain customers and colleagues. It is highly likely that many people who obtain tickets in this manner are considerably less enthusiastic about hockey than those who would buy those same tickets if they were available on a game-to-game basis.

I must therefore strongly disapprove of your backing of the Toronto and Montreal owners who are fighting Canadian tax proposals which would reduce expense-account entertainment deductions (See CARROLL, April 27). I should think that these measures would serve the useful purpose of eliminating come-late-leave-early fans and paid-for but empty seats from the Forum and Maple Leaf Gardens. And I'm thoroughly unconvinced that the decrease in season-ticket sales would lead to a downturn in overall attendance.

MICHAEL BLICK

Fullerton, Calif.

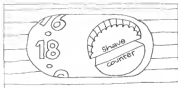
## WALKIE-TALKIE

Sirs:

Thank you for presenting a long-awaited article on race walking (*Creeper, Floater, and Sparer*, April 27). One point that I feel the article left out was an emphasis on the average length of events. The average

continued

# Norelco can shave you closer than a blade, and count how many times it does it.



1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11,12,13,14,15,16,17,18 shaves.  
On a single charge.

The Norelco Rechargeable Tripleheader Shaver was made to do two things.

To shave you as close or closer than a stainless steel razor blade.

And to give you up to twice as many shaves per charge as any other rechargeable shaver.

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The heads actually float, to follow your face. They go in where your face curves in, and out where your face curves out.

And because the blades are rotary, they shave your beard in every direction at once. (If you don't think that means anything, feel your face. Feel how your beard grows in different directions on different parts of your face?)



The Norelco Tripleheader also has a pop-up trimmer, so you can see exactly what you're trimming.

It has a Charge Indicator that lights up when it's charging.

It has a Shave Counter to count your shaves.

And it gives you nearly twice as many shaves per charge as any other rechargeable

So if you're shaving with a blade, feel around your chin and neck and upper lip.

If it feels like you could use a closer shave, get yourself a Norelco Rechargeable.

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You'll love the way it holds you on the road.  
For mileage lovers, safety lovers, comfort lovers,  
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the mileage of unbelted tires. Ask your Armstrong Dealer  
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You can't get a better value for love nor money.

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### 19TH HOLE

race is about 10 miles an hour and 15 minutes for the winner to about an hour and 30 minutes for the trail man. The events range all the way to the 50 kilometer and the 50 mile (of which both had American records set last week, 4:15.24 by Dave Romansky in the 50 kilo and 7:52.04 by Shaul Ladany in the 50 mile). In comparison, the marathon, running's longest Olympic event, lasts a little bit over two hours for the winner, the 50 kilo lasts for approximately 4½ for the first four places. The physical strain and endurance for this event is perhaps the greatest of all track events, with the added danger of disqualification that Arthur Higdon pointed out.

Congratulations on another fine article pointing up one of America's least-known and funnest sports.

ROGER K. YOUNG

Easton, Pa.

Sirs,

Hal Higdon's article was extremely well written, funny and accurate.

The author clearly showed that American race walkers are among the most dedicated and hardest-working athletes of any sport. And—unlike Joe Namath or Lew Alcindor—walkers do their thing for absolutely no monetary gain.

JIM HENRY

AAU Race Walking Committee

Van Nuys, Calif.

### HANDICAPPED

Sirs,

You rightfully attribute some of the depletion of the handicap division of horse racing to overbreeding of young stock (Breton-Carmel, April 13). However, the real blame for this lack of class on the track should be put on the so-called improvers of the breed. For the past few years our greatest stables have retired their handicap stock before their fifth year. They hesitate to run potential studs, for fear of injury on the track or in training, because they are so valuable for breeding purposes. Therefore, our handicap races are replete with aged geldings. And many of these are imports.

But why tie this into a story about more racing dates for New Jersey? As I understand it, that request also contains a request for Sunday racing. In any event, that is what has been linked to the press by Jersey publicity directors. If it is true, it's all for the good. As things stand now, about the only sports fans in the East deprived of their sport on a Sunday are the racetrack buffs.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is forever praising the Establishment. Thousands of words were written about Mrs. duPont and Kelso. But if Kelso hadn't been gelded would he have been thrilling fans at the age of 7? Where were Nashua, Swaps, Bold Ruler, Sword

continued



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Converse tennis shoes are worn from five by famous racquet swingers around the world for tennis, badminton, and squash. Great athletes know Converse. Most professional, college, and high school basketball players wear Converse All Stars®. And nine different U.S. Olympic teams wore Converse athletic or casual footwear at the last Summer Olympics in Mexico City. We score pretty well with club and leisure time players, too. So treat yourself (or anyone else in that action-loving family of yours) to the tennis shoes with the great soles and the great reputation on grass, clay, or hard.  
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beat the world

Model sculpture from the Dunlop collection  
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## If you know what's good for you, you'll play Maxfli.

It's a Maxfli mite to the cup—800 yards.  
Water 280 yards out. Then uphill all  
the way to the heavily trapped green.  
Better play Maxfli—if you know what's  
good for you. Sold only through golf  
professionals.



**Maxfli**  
by DUNLOP

Drive carefully. Use Dunlop balls, clubs and tires.

**U.S.O.**

is  
there,  
only if  
you care...



Lonely watchtower in Korea, edge of darkness in  
Berlin, silent jungle in Vietnam, crowded small  
town near the base... if he's there, so is the  
U.S.O. With 197 clubs that bring a wonderful,  
welcome touch of home to men and women far  
from their own. With traveling shows that bring  
music and laughter to the loneliest outposts  
on earth. Telling over 2,500,000 Americans in  
uniform (one from every 18 families) that some-  
body's grateful, somebody cares back home.

But U.S.O. is there only if you care. U.S.O.  
gets no government funds. Every dollar comes

from personal contributions, from people like  
you, who give once each year through their  
local Community Chest or United Fund.

So vitally important, so sorely needed. Did  
you know that our service men and women made  
21,000,000 visits to the U.S.O. last year, and  
were served by some 60,500 devoted U.S.O.  
volunteers? So give... for a friend or fiancé,  
a son or brother, or a neighbor—because he's there  
guarding, and you're here, secure.

GIVE! The U.S.O. is supported by your gift  
to your United Fund or Community Chest



## TEEN HOLE

Dancer and even the great gray Native Danc-  
er at that age? They were back on the farm  
padding the pockets of the breeders.

ALAN HARRIS

Riverdale, N. Y.

Sirs,

Did SI give any thought to the many  
men and women who derive their very liveli-  
hood from working at various jobs at Men-  
mouth Park, Atlanta City and Garden State  
Park during the racing seasons? At present  
most of us only get 60 working days a year  
at each track in New Jersey. The people so  
affected are pari-mutuel clerks, maintenance  
men, guards, admission clerks, etc. The com-  
mon man, in short, by stretching out the  
thoroughbred season in New Jersey the bulk  
of our working force will be able to lift up  
their heads without suffering the pangs of  
year-to-year unemployment. Then, too, con-  
sider the bonus or added source of revenue  
from extended dates, more money for ed-  
ucation and sorely needed state services, a  
dire necessity in these dismal times. How  
much more can the oppressed average tax-  
payer contribute? But you conclude, by all  
means prolong the life of that stupid beast,  
the horse.

DAVE WEINER

Liberty, N. Y.

## CORNUCOPIA

Sirs:

In response to popular demand the Cer-  
tified Crushing Committee Conference  
(CCCC), which has been meeting annually  
for more than a decade, has drawn up plans  
for two Amateur Crushing Leagues. The  
National Crushing League (NCL) will con-  
sist of the Cleveland Crabapples, the Bu-  
falo Blackberries, the Colorado Cauliflowers  
and the Boston Broccolis. The American  
Crushing League (ACL) will be made up  
of the Arlington Apricots, the Baltimore  
Bananas, the Oakland Onions and the Pitts-  
burgh Prunes.

The committee hopes that this move will  
be fully sanctioned by the AAU. We also  
shall recognize *The Official NCAA Rule  
Book*. One exception, however, will be that  
all types of squishable edibles may be used.

At the end of each season the NCL cham-  
pion will meet the ACL champion in the  
Super Cornucopia. The use of knuckles, tra-  
ditionally banned from contests, has now  
been authorized, thanks to the efforts of  
Dr. Pulverizer Crustacean.

NANCY ENSLEY

President

JANE (PORKY) FITZGERALD

Vice-president

Arlington, Va.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg.,  
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## Why does the Smooth Canadian get invited to the nicest weddings?

Is it because Seagram's V.O. is smooth and light? Or is it because it's charmed so many people that it's the best-liked brand of all imports? Or is it simply that the nicest fathers want to be sure that their daughter's wedding is perfect in every way? Yes. To all three.



Seagram's  Canadian.  
Known by the company it keeps.



Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.

Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—you get a lot to like.